



THE Tattler

A CHINTZ COMEBACK

& Bystander 2s weekly 21 Sept. 1960

AUTUMN
FASHION





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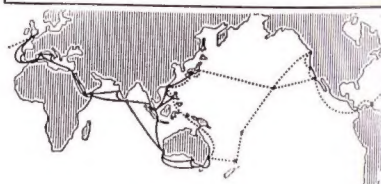
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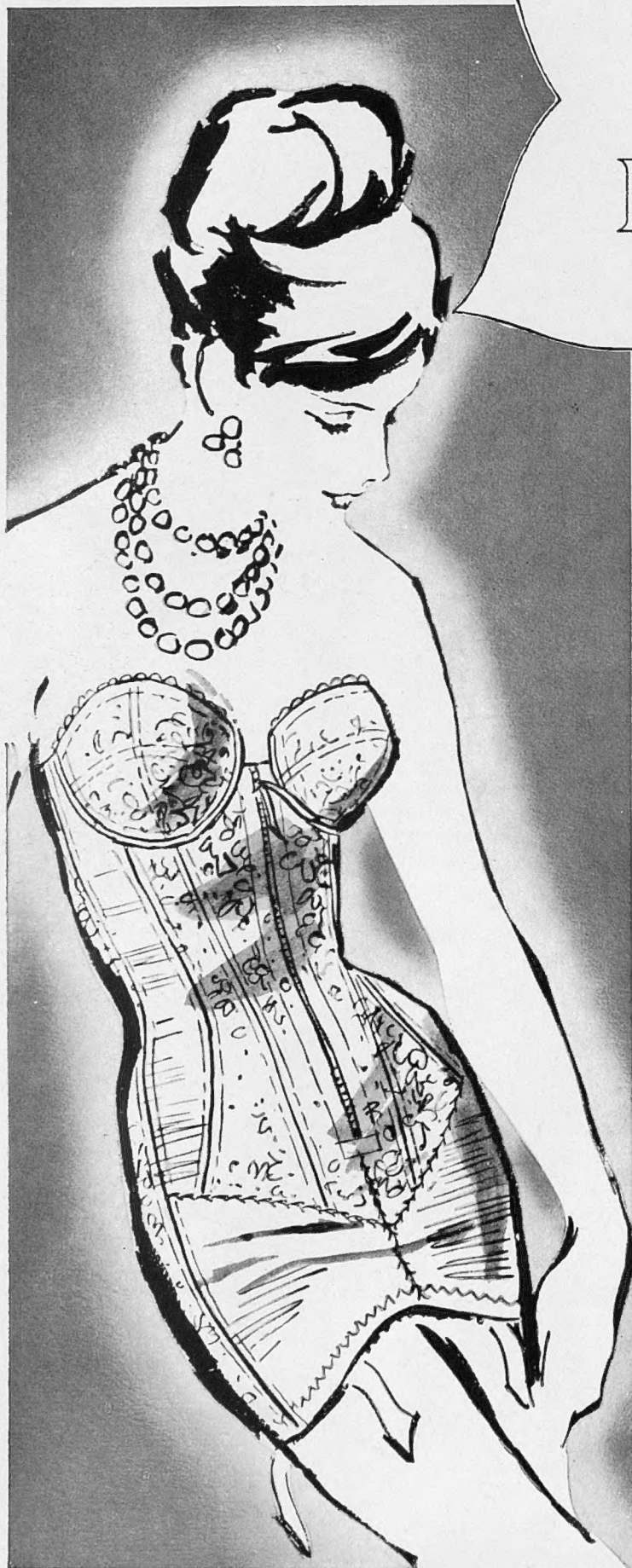


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THE TATLER & Bystander 21 September 1960

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3082

21 SEPTEMBER 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	538
<i>Going places to eat</i>	
by John Baker White	538
<i>Going places late</i>	
by Douglas Sutherland	539
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	540
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	542
SOCIETY NEWS & PICTURES	545
AUTUMN FASHION: <i>Barnstormers</i>	552
<i>PS from Paris</i>	568
FEATURES: <i>Olympic excesses</i>	
by Brian Inglis	549
<i>Men, women & models</i>	
by Pamela Vandyke-Price	561
<i>The flat with the most surprising view in London</i>	
photographed by Alan Vines	562
<i>The Galway Feast</i> by Hector Bolitho	566
<i>A comeback for English chintz</i>	570
LORD MILBRACKEN	565
COUNTER SPY	574
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	576
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	577
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	577
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	578
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	580
OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES	580
COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY	
by Albert Adair	583
GOOD LOOKS <i>Thirties thinking</i>	584
MAN'S WORLD	
by Johnathon Radcliffe	588
MOTORING by Gordon Wilkins	590
DINING IN by Helen Burke	593

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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AUTUMN FASHION IN THE SHOPS



The fashionable shaggy dog look has found its way into a synthetic fur made of nylon to resemble whatever animal you choose. The hat made by Henry Heath and the matching boa (all the rage in Paris) were designed by Matita to be worn with their black-and-white flecked tweed suit, with an easy-fitting jacket and rounded shoulders. The sleeves are bracelet length and the flap pockets placed low on the hemline. 27 gns. at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1; broken muff, Bradford & Handleys, Southsea. Cover, and more fashion pictures on page 552 et seq., photographed by DAVID OLINS. Harness lent by Watney's Brewery

THE COUTURIERS have had their parades and now comes the turn of the new clothes *in the shops*. This Autumn Fashion number shows a selection of the most outstanding (page 552 onwards). David Olins's charming seasonal setting (a barn) may exacerbate Pamela Vandyke-Price who has some scornful comments about the way fashion models carry on in their pictures. She wonders if there are really three sexes, *Men, women and models* . . . (page 561). There's also a PS from Paris in the shape of sketches by Graziani of clothes from those two late-showers, Givenchy and Balenciaga (page 568). . . . A piece of news about fabrics is that English chintz designs are due for a revival. They made such an impact at an exhibition this summer that manufacturers are now digging out old designs at places like the Victoria & Albert Museum. The attraction of the designs is obvious from the illustrations to *A comeback for English chintz* (page 570). As for Good Looks, Elizabeth Williamson's sparkling column this week is about *Thirties thinking* (page 584). . . .

A new contributor this week is Brian Inglis, who in his TV reviews of 'What the papers say' occasionally has some sharp words for the sports pages. His article (page 549) is prompted by the fatuity of sportswriting and commentary on the Olympics, which ranged from wrong forecasts through sheer ignorance to patriotic hysteria. . . . The social side of Rome during the Olympics is reported by Muriel Bowen and news of another off-beat social occasion comes from Ireland, where Hector Bolitho (who displayed his oyster expertise a few weeks ago) describes his visit to the Galway Oyster Festival (page 566). . . . Back in London, Alan Vines photographs *The flat with the most surprising view in London*, Lady Carington's. As wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty she has an official apartment in Admiralty Arch, astride the Mall (page 562). . . .

Next week:

Paris hats. . . . Some like it hot (winter, that is). . . .

PS.

A contributor remembered with pleasure by older readers, Priscilla in Paris, has died. Until she gave up writing 18 months ago she had contributed regularly to The TATLER since 1910 and was the magazine's oldest contributor. Before taking to journalism she had been on the stage



Superbly Matched

in a completely reversible coat that takes its colour from the check suit. The suit has one of the new belted jackets and slim skirt. In oyster/black and caramel/black pure wool fabric, exclusive to Crayson. Coat 14½ gns. Suit 13 gns.

THE NAME IS

crayson

unmistakably

A black and white fashion illustration of a woman with short, dark, curly hair. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt. The dress features a wide, dark sash tied at the waist. She is holding a long, thin, dark object, possibly a cane or a long earring, which curves around her head and down the left side of the frame. The brand name 'Fredrica' is written in a large, elegant, cursive script across the middle of the image, with a large 'F' that extends to the left.

Fredrica

Invitation to elegance . . .

in fine wool. Set-in midriff
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Bronze, Ebony, Cypress, Graphite,
Greige, Roan, Black
and African Violet **9 gns.**

Winter White—fully lined **10½ gns.**

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SOCIAL

Second Perth Hunt Ball, 22 September.

Joyce Grenfell (monologues & songs), Scala Theatre, 26 September to 1 October, for seven charities. Tickets: from 6s. to 5 gns. from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7 (KEN 8600).

Benenden Ball, Quaglino's Ballroom, 30 September. Details: Mrs. Dalrymple, Wycherleys, Benenden. **Exhibition of Flower Arrangements**, 30 September & 1 October, 2 to 6.30 p.m., Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables, Putney.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 4 to 8 October.

Trafalgar Fair, Londonderry House, Park Lane, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., 20 October, in aid of British Sailors' Society. Donations or gifts for stalls to Miss B. Nisbet, B.S.S., 36 King's Road, S.W.3.

SPORT

Angling: Trout fishing ends (England & Wales), 30 September.

Athletics: Olympic Stars meeting, White City, 28 September.

Golf: Gleneagles Hotel Tournament, Perthshire, 28 September-1 October.

Polo: Ham House: Friar Park v. Richmond Park; Ranworth v. Wilmer Cottage. 25 September.

Rugby: Great Britain v. New Zealand, Bradford, Yorks; Australia v. France, Wigan, Lancs. 24 September.

Swimming: A.S.A. Championships, Blackpool, to 24 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *The Ring*. Tonight, *Die Walküre*; 26 September, *Siegfried*; 30 September, *Götterdämmerung*. All at 6 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, tonight (inc. first performance in London of Shostakovich's cello concerto), and 23 September (inc. first performance in this country of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony). 8 p.m.; London Philharmonic Society "Masterwork" concert, with L.P.O., 7.30 p.m., 25 September; Italian Opera (in costume), *La Serva Padrona*, & *Le Cantatrici Villane*, 27 September; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 28 September, 8 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. Alceo Galliera conducts the Royal Philharmonic, 3 p.m., 25 September. (KEN 8212.)

ART

James McNeill Whistler (paintings & other works), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 24 September. (See "Verdicts," page 580.)

Salvador Dali Exhibition, Sotheby's, New Bond St., W.1.

Contemporary Paintings, Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1, to 30 September.

Impact 1960 (modern art), Chiddingstone Castle, Edenbridge, Kent (Penshurst 347), to 30 September.

EXHIBITIONS & FAIRS

British Book Production Exhibition, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 24 September.

International Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 1 October.

International Handicrafts & "Do It Yourself" Exhibition, Olympia, to 23 September.

Craftsman-Made Furniture, Building Centre, Store St., W.C.1, to 7 October.

Spanish Armour, Tower of London, to 25 September.

International Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition, Earls Court, to 1 October.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature, 26 September-7 October.

Coventry Festival Of Music, 26 September-2 October.

Southport Music Festival, 26 September-1 October.

Whitebait Festival, Southend-on-Sea, 28 September.

GARDENS

Cottesbrooke Hall, Northants, 2-7 p.m. 25 September.

Queen's Hill, Worlington, nr. Barton Mills, Suffolk, 2-7 p.m., 25 September.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

At the beginning of the oyster season the experts hoped for an exceptional year. Actually it has turned out to be not quite that but as good as 1959, which was above average for quality and flavour. Most people have their favourite place for eating them. For the benefit of those who have not, London's best oyster-rooms, in alphabetical order, are: **Bentley's**, 11/15 Swallow Street (REG 6210); **Garners**, 27 Wardour Street (GER 1287); **Overtons**, 5, St. James's Street (TRA 3774), 4/6 Victoria Buildings, opposite Victoria Station (VIC 3774); **Prunier**, 72 St. James's Street (MYD 1373); **Scotts**, 18/20 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus (GER 7175); **Simpson's**, 100 Strand, W.C.2 (TEM 7131). For grilled oysters with cheese sauce; **Wheeler's**, 19 Old Compton Street (GER 2706), Duke of York Street, off Jermyn Street (WHI 2460); **Wilton's**, 34 King Street, St. James's Square (WHI 8391).

Prices will be roughly the same as last year, i.e. about 12s. 6d. per dozen upwards to 20s.

Oare House, nr. Marlborough, Wilts, 2-7 p.m., 25 September.

Hambledon Vineyards, Hampshire, 22 & 28 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Vaudeville Theatre. *Horses In Midstream*, 22 September.

Phoenix Theatre. *The Last Joke*, 28 September.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Mr. Johnson*, 29 September.

Arts Theatre. *Naked Island*, 29 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 576.

A Passage To India. "... genuine theatrical pleasure ... an exciting play ... the crucial scene is particularly successful." Zia Mohyeddin, Norman Wooland, Dilys Hamlett, Enid Lorimer. (Comedy, WHI 2578.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 577.

G.R. = General Release

Let's Make Love. "Delightful ... if you don't enjoy this film, see a doctor." Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand, Bing Crosby, Wilfrid Hyde White, Tony Randall. G.R.

ANDRES SEGOVIA the guitar virtuoso, rehearsing here before Sir John Barbirolli, conductor of the Hallé Orchestra, and Laurence Turner, will be playing at the Royal Festival Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra on 13 October. Sir John and the Hallé have an earlier date there on 1 October

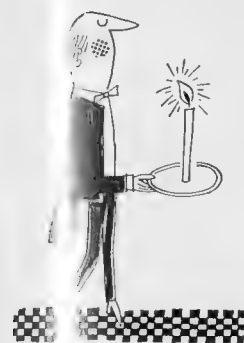
ERIC AUERBACH



For the gourmet in Glos

Westonbirt, Glos. Hare & Hounds Hotel. (Tel. 233.) Famous for its school and its magnificent arbor-etum, Westonbirt has also this first-class hotel. A fine house, with a well-kept garden, spacious sitting-rooms, a pleasant bar, all bearing evidence of good taste. The food is what it should be in such a place, straightforward English and well cooked. The well-chosen wine list contains at least one claret that is outstanding. Westonbirt, on the edge of the Cotswolds, is a good centre for seeing some lovely and still unspoilt country. *W.B.*

WINE NOTE: Last year's clarets and Burgundies will be fit for bottling in the spring of 1961, so discerning buyers are making their plans now. In the opinion of a great expert, M. Georges Bouchard, 1959 was "a very good vintage, but not the vintage of the century as some people were inclined to call it." It does not come up to the standard of '06, '11 or '29, and the Burgundies are better than the Bordeaux. The Burgundies are elegant and fragrant. Two I consider worth noting particularly are Macon Superieur Blanc and Puligny Montrachet from Bouchard Aine Ltd.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas

Sutherland

THEY SAY THAT THE DIFFERENCE between the English and the Scots is that if two Englishmen were marooned on a desert island they would not speak to each other because they had not been formally introduced. Two Scotsmen finding themselves in a similar predicament would immediately form a society. In spite of the Englishman's reputation for splendid isolationism, however, London has more clubs per head of population than any capital in the world. The reason for this is of course our licensing laws which lay down that only a member of a club may purchase a drink from three o'clock in the afternoon until 5.30 and at the same time allow almost anyone with 5s. to form a club for this very purpose. The result is a rash of restaurant clubs from Kensington to Kentish Town where Englishmen sacrifice that time-old institution, the English tea, to sit gazing moodily at a warm gin and tonic. Since I mentioned these in my article on drinking round the clock in London I've had one or two queries about them, and as most of the places do in fact stay open till 11 p.m. I think they can fairly be included on my late-night beat.

There are certain afternoon clubs which are decidedly worthwhile. Prominent among these is Ruby Lloyd's Maisonette Club in Hertford Street, Shepherd Market (above the Bon Vivour). Indeed the Maisonette has become an institution, and with it Ruby herself who, when she is not racing at Sandown or sunning in the South of France, must surely qualify for the title of the hostess with the mostest. The afternoon clientele is made up largely of

refugees from the Cavalry Club, St. James's and other august establishments where tinkling on the piano is not encouraged in the afternoon, plus husbands up from the shires keeping out of the way while the little woman is doing the shopping, and sundry characters wondering if anyone has anything good for the 3.30. Chief informant on this latter point is "Reg," doyen of doormen, whose record of 11 strongly fancied losers in a row must stand near to the record. It is on Sunday that the Maisonette (open mid-day—3 p.m.) really comes into its own. Stay-at-home weekenders in corduroys and sweaters jostle with smart Sunday suitings. Girls lost in the anonymity of the London week blossom forth in gold lamé jeans (*sic*) or whatever other extravagance takes their fancy. In fact café society relaxes in as jam-packed a cocktail hour as you will find in a month of week-days.

Another club with the same hours but a different atmosphere is the Swallow Club in Stratton Street. If the talk is less horsey and the circle of members less intimate than the Maisonette it is probably because the members like it that way. Jean Forman who owns the Swallow must have one of the largest and most aristocratic membership lists in the business and the club deserves its popularity.

Lastly, the Tree Trunk in Albemarle Street. The club has been better known longer, though most of the older generation will remember that before the war it was in Regent Street. It still retains its old atmosphere and certainly rates among the top three.

by
henri



"ARABESQUE"

Jumper suit in fine worsted wool crêpe. Collar in matching velvet. In all the new Autumn shades.

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PERROS In glove-soft Taupe pigskin, giving that made-to-measure feeling, with slim veneered heels. AA, B and C fittings. **6½ gns**

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BOND STREET, KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BRANCHES



GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

East side West side

SOCIETY as well as status symbols grow vertically in New York. As a result, it is as tightly packed with flavour as the Camel cigarettes whose gigantic image smokes in perpetuity over Times Square. The chequer-board of streets in Manhattan make it easy to navigate on foot, and indeed only on foot does the phenomenon of New York's close but separate districts strike you.

Lying in long, slender strips, but laterally only a block away from each other are Third Avenue, with its antique shops; Lexington, a pleasantly mongrel mixture of Italian restaurants, delicatessen, and a spearhead of apartments and business houses; Park, with apartments proper, row on row, each with its dark awning and uniformed porter on the doorstep. Madison, the legendary home of advertising; Fifth, with its stores—Bonwit Teller, Saks, Bergdorf's, Lord and Taylor. As a tourist you can pick up things there that no New Yorker would be seen dead in, take them home and find them still a rarity—or at least a novelty.

It is tempting, but futile, to compare New York with any other city—even though, up in the residential district of the east seventies, the ambience is as peaceful and the architecture remarkably like that of the Avenue Montaigne, even though New Yorkers will take you, with great pride, to clubs furnished with sporting prints and leather armchairs as deep and silent as any in St. James's; in spite of the fact that it abounds in Italian restaurants, staffed mostly by Neapolitans whose English is distinctly fractured, where you can enjoy some of the best (and cheapest) food outside Italy.

You may find yourself wondering about, or looking for, something that is typically American. Something non-derivative. Though it is exactly this cocktail of mixtures that makes up the city, I refused to be put off by the theory that New York is not, in any case, typically American (because what, in that



The George Washington bridge linking Manhattan with New Jersey

vast continent, could be?). The splendidly riotous vulgarity of Times Square on a Saturday evening, with juke boxes, coke, gum, neon and the lot, satisfied a craving. A visit to Harlem assuaged a big curiosity. A lot of New Yorkers will try to put you off Harlem, the somewhat contradictory excuses being that it is dull now, and that there can be "incidents." I can only say that I have rarely met anybody with pleasanter manners than the Negro golf professional (attired in a tweed hacking jacket) with whom we talked in Sugar Ray Robinson's bar.

A few yards away, still in 125th St., at the Baby Grand, they charge downtown prices for the drinks, but the standard of dress can—rather surprisingly—match most. So does the almost static decorum of the dancing. If you're in the right kind of mood, and not dressed up, it's fun, on this kind of evening, to eat at a nearby drug-store or from a hamburger stand. Anyway, that's what I did on one of the most entertaining evenings I spent in New York. Afterwards, we sped down the glitter of West Side Drive with George Washington Bridge a great arc of light spanning the Hudson River, to the opposite end of Manhattan and Greenwich Village.

Unlike Harlem, which has kept the identity of a rather shabby southern town, Greenwich Village has, rather in the manner of Chelsea, become very chic indeed and people pay fortunes for the few remaining news-type houses there. The super-sophisticates begin to call it phoney, but nevertheless it has establishments as beat as any of the Left Bank, patronized by some very un-American Americans (judged, that is, by preconceived standards).

I remember one place where Haitian musicians left their rostrum and, with drums slung round their necks, drummed among the gyrating dancers until the fragile floor shook. Another where we all drank or dined in a bowling alley.

The Village Vanguard is a more

conventional night club, but interesting because it is a well known proving ground for new cabaret acts (Belafonte started there). Another amusing spot, up towards mid-town from the Village, is Downstairs at the Upstairs on West 56th Street. This is patter, not girls, and a slick example of true intimate revue. Although it has no cabaret except the patrons, I commend an Irish establishment called P. J. Clarke, on 3rd Avenue. Its long front bar is as sawdusty as any in Dublin. They have a good but simple restaurant behind, and an amusing theatrical clientèle of the less conventional kind.

If you know the right people with the right kind of bank balance, and/or expense account, you will be taken on the round that includes Twenty-One, El Morocco, and super French restaurants such as Baroque. But scrape among your acquaintances for just one stockbroker, if only in order to be lunched in one of the numerous club restaurants at the top of Wall Street's skyscrapers. The view from here, among the tall slim concretes over Staten Island and the bridges, was one of many which convinced me that, in its curiously geometric way, New York is one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

A reasonable hotel with private bath, TV and telephone starts at around \$8 (it is sensible to breakfast at the drugstore round the corner). You can get a simple lunch for \$1.50 if you don't drink with it; dinner, anything from \$2.50 upwards. Expect a medium class Soho-type meal to cost, complete with wine, about \$6 a head. Standard for standard I did not find New York more expensive than the London equivalent.

The new 17 day air excursion fare costs £114 6s. (or £125 by jet) return. TWA, in Piccadilly, have plenty of literature and are happy to give any advice about hotels and transport. In New York, go to the Convention and Visitors' bureau, Pershing Square, 90 East 42nd Street.

PHOTOS: U.S. INFORMATION SERVICE

New York seen from the 70th floor of the Radio Corporation of America



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Holcroft—Trotter: Mary Virginia, daughter of Sir Reginald Holcroft, Bt., & Lady Holcroft, married Capt. William Trotter, 11th Hussars, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. W. D. C. Trotter, of Staindrop, Durham, at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury



Gillespie—Tougher: Etrenne Mary, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. G. F. Gillespie, of Tynan, co. Armagh, married Brian, son of the late Mr. J. P. Tougher, and of Mrs. Tougher, of Annadale Avenue, Belfast, at Tynan Parish Church

ALLISON STUDIO



Thomas—Collis: Carol, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Thomas, of Pond Wood, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire, married Bryan, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Collis, of Maidenhead, at Holy Trinity, Cookham



YEVONDE

Miss Belinda Balfour to Mr. Lionel David Wood, Welsh Guards. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Balfour, of Hythe. He is the son of the late Mr. G. L. Wood, & of Mrs. Wood, of Whipsnade, Beds*



VANDYK

Miss Patricia Wagner to Mr. Paul Anthony Adorian. *She is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rupert Wagner, of Coolham, Sussex. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Adorian, of Billingshurst*

LENARE



LENARE

Miss Wendy Varley to Mr. Anthony J. Barclay. *She is the youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. Varley, of Lyndal Mount, Bray-on-Thames, Berkshire. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Barclay, of Albion Gate, London, W.2*

Weddings and Engagements

Miss Ann Mary Stanes to Mr. Peter Van den Bergh. *She is the daughter of Mr. N. J. Stanes, of Nilgiris, S. India, and Mrs. P. M. C. Edgington, of Ashstead, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Van den Bergh, of Lindfield*

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Long-discussed, long-expected, much-denied, much-postponed, it finally happened. The engagement was announced between Miss Henrietta Tiarks and the Marquess of Tavistock. At first there were stories of a September wedding but now the couple have stated that the wedding will not be until next year. Miss Tiarks, most-photographed deb of her season (1957), is the daughter of Mr. Henry Tiarks, the banker. She is 20. So is Lord Tavistock, who is heir to the Duke of Bedford

PHOTOGRAPH: TOM HUSTLER

ENGAGEMENT OF THE MONTH



ROME—

social and sporting

by

MURIEL BOWEN

THOUGH the Olympic Games have finished, Rome remains in the British public eye. A visit by Mr. Macmillan is due in November, and the Queen & Prince Philip are going there in May. Writing this in the Eternal City I have the impression that, from the social side, the Queen's visit will be the most lavish overseas visit of her reign. Entertaining will be against a glorious background. Rome has an abundance of *palazzi*, built in the more spacious days of exquisite stucco work and fine frescoes, and some of these will be used for receptions and dinners during the state visit. They will come alive with handsome men and the most elegant of women—Rome is blessed with an abundance of both.

Mr. Macmillan and the Earl of Home are coming on a goodwill visit—a return match for the hospitality given Signor Antonio Segni, then Prime Minister, when he visited London two years ago. Signor Segni, a rich country squire whose hobby is shooting wild boar and snipe on his Sardinia estate, is now Foreign Secretary. It won't, I think, pass Mr. Macmillan's sense of humour that there are now four former Prime Ministers in the Italian Cabinet.

Mr. Macmillan and Lord Home will arrive

bang in the height of the wild boar season when President Gronchi has diplomats, the Press and some political associates to shoot over the Presidential Reserve. But it doesn't look as if the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary (the two best shots in the Cabinet) are likely to get far enough from the conference table to discover whether or not the wild boar are as wily as the grouse.

In Signor Fanfani, the Prime Minister (he attributes his 5 a.m. rising to his always having "a two hour start in life"), we have an exceptionally resourceful ally in trying to get an agreement between the economic Six and Seven, and there will be conferences on this during the visit.

Though you have only to talk to some of the business and professional men here and the senators, to discover that Britain has slipped from being a nation regarded with considerable warmth to just one other foreign country. The Italian noble families in their heyday did much to build up our former position—and what lengths they went to about it (during the war the Italian Minister in Dublin continued to invite members of the British Embassy staff to shoot with him)—and the vacuum left by

Highland gathering

The Royal Family (opposite) together for a relaxed picture on the lawns of Balmoral. While in Scotland they have been to the annual Braemar gathering, accompanied by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret & Mr. Armstrong-Jones

their influential and financial decline still gapes.

CAESARS OF THE GAMES

But Rome lately has been to a large extent in the hands of the Caesars who run the Games—some of them benevolent Caesars like the **Marquess of Exeter**, Vice-President of the International Olympic Committee.

I found him, immaculately white-flannelled, and in tearing form, despite his having been on the go 15 hours a day for three weeks and despite his dependence nowadays on a stick. "The Games have been very successful—tremendous interest all round," he said. The last amateur Olympics? "Goodness no. We keep making up the rules all the time to see how we can improve them. But the Games will remain amateur. . . ." Tokyo 1964? "We'll have additional sports, possibly 21 as against 18. We'll be sorting it all out when we meet in Moscow in May."

I think he can scarcely wait himself for the Tokyo Games, the excitement, the hubbub—and the chaos. He wasn't looking forward much to getting home from Rome. "Have one-third of the harvest to cut as soon as I get back—and I hear it's still raining!"

For the visitors, as well as the Games, there has been the off-stage distractions, spurred no doubt by the warm nights with the vistas of shadowy domes and floodlit ruins. There have been an enormous number of evening parties.

Sir **Ashley Clarke**, our Ambassador, entertained visitors and officials at two receptions, one a garden party at the Embassy. His sister, Mrs. **Ruth Burrell** (widow of the noted surgeon Mr. L. S. T. Burrell) has been acting as his hostess. She's shortly due back in

England after a two-month stop here which followed a six-month visit to her daughters in Africa.

Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Douglas of Kirtleside & Lady Douglas (she wore an exquisite sheath of black velvet leaves appliquéd on white satin) had a gathering of cosmopolitan friends to an evening reception at the Quirinale, which included his step-mother, a Rome resident, Mrs. **Jean Douglas**. All the lights fused five minutes before the party was due to start and Lady Douglas found herself descending the staircase on hands and knees.

EXIT THE RESIDENTS

Despite their love of a sporting spectacle the Romans, led by the "Blacks" (the Papal aristocracy), largely moved out for the Games. So it seemed as if the city had been taken over largely by the tourists, just as London is in August. The Germans were officially estimated as making up a quarter of the visitors. But when Mrs. **V. D. S. Williams** made her superb entry into the Piazza di Siena on her grey horse Little Model, it seemed as if every other person present was British. Joining in the applause were Mrs. **Mike Ansell**, Mr. **Robert Hanson** and his daughter-in-law Mrs. **William Hanson**, Mr. & Mrs. **Tim Whiteley**, Miss **Diana Mason**, Miss **Molly Shaw-Hellier** and Mrs. **Robert Hall**, who had competed in the event earlier.

Next day British cheers rang out for Mr. **David Broome**, our 20-year-old new jumping star. He won the Bronze Medal in the individual jumping. This event too was in the Piazza di Siena, a natural amphitheatre in the Borghese Gardens, marked out by umbrella pines.

After the showers and wind of the previous day the sun was at its hottest. I noticed that

the **Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn**—there with her husband **Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn** and their sons David and Roddie—was wearing a vivid sun hat which advertised Cinzano soda. But from me there was nothing but praise for the patch of sun—especially after my experience of the previous week when a coal lorry shunted my car out of a flood in the Lake District.

I saw the **Earl of Rocksavage** walk round the course after the competition. Others were **Lt.-Col. Dennis Smyly**, **Major & Mrs. Reggie Monckton**, and Miss **Anelli Drummond-Hay**. Also attending the event were Mrs. **Jack Palethorpe** (her daughter Dawn had the best first round of the British team), **Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard**, Mr. **Harold Montefiore**, and the strikingly beautiful Mrs. **Howard Linn** from Chicago, who told me she was going on to Austria afterwards on a riding tour.

There was a delightful party given by the Dutch and attended by **Prince Bernhard**, and Mrs. **Gardner H. Fiske** and other supporters of the American teams were entertaining at the U.S. Equestrian Team Club at the Savoy. The Greeks were celebrating, and with good reason, as **Crown Prince Constantine** became the first member of a royal family to win an Olympic gold medal. He won the Dragon class.

THE WRONG VENUE?

From the visitors' experience, holding the Games in Rome was a mistake. For all their charm, the Romans don't have the organizing genius nor the thoroughness to run an event of this size as it should be run. Then the hotel situation in Rome is grossly inadequate—though cancellations immediately before the Games were substantial (American Express alone made 5,000 cancellations in one

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BRIGGS by Graham



day). Promises made about food and services in second-class hotels (with payment insisted on in advance) were never kept.

My officially-rated second-class hotel here costs £7 a day for a double room "with meals"—a breakfast of tired crusts and one cup of coffee, a dinner consisting of a lump of cheese and a couple of grapes, coffee extra. I've stayed at Claridges for less and been done royally.

Thousands of British visitors here have had the same experience.

HOW THE AUSSIES DID IT

The most stirring story of the Games, was the Australian win in the Three-Day Event. When they appeared in the pomp of the Piazza di Siena on the third day, as the playing of *God Save the Queen* rang out to celebrate their victory,



they had one rider with a dislocated shoulder, broken collarbone and badly cut, and their second best of the previous two days unable to complete the final phase as his horse was lame.

Even so they won the Team event in even more spectacular fashion than we had seen them win at Badminton. They'd set their hearts on the gold medals the week after the last Olympics, and as it was impossible to run their farms and train together at the same time they worked out a new technique. They had a riding instructor fly to their homes, staying a week at a time with each one.

Trouble then was that Australia could produce so little competition for them (few Australians go in for competitive riding). So at the end of last year the riders temporarily handed over the running of their farms to their wives, and brought their horses to England.

At Badminton they swept the board, and they remained in training at Aldershot until it was time to go to Rome. The most interesting upshot of their Badminton success was the

Gold medal for a prince

Royal jubilation (right) as King Paul & Queen Frederika of Greece hug Crown Prince Constantine. They had just watched him from their royal yacht (below) win a gold medal, Greece's only one, in the Dragon-class yachting at Naples. Returning in triumph to harbour he was exultantly doused with a hose by his sister, Princess Sophia (bottom), who after a round of hugs pushed him back into the water. Later there was a champagne celebration—well merited, as the 20-year-old Crown Prince has only been sailing 18 months (PHOTOS: TELEFOTO, ROME)



offer of a wealthy Californian to buy the team's entire stock of horses to represent the United States in the Olympics!

The human element, and not the horses, lost us the Bronze Medals to the French at the end of three gruelling days. But what a thrill for the British spectators to see **Col. "Pudding" Williams's** dappled grey mare, *Cottage Romance*, go round the big fences with as much ease as if it were all a Pony Club romp, her ears pricked and her tail a snowy white in the Roman sun. In her rider **Mr. Mike Mullen** we have a rising Three-Day Event star.

The one everybody must have felt sorry for, though, was **Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon**. As he appeared high on the skyline to jump a bank, zig-zag down a chasm of earth and then jump a hedge at the bottom (it was the film director's dream obstacle), Samuel Johnson was giving him a very sticky ride. Later the horse was to fall and roll on him, but despite all this he finished with the broadest of grins.

Queen Juliana & Prince Bernhard went to the equestrian events most days and there to

cheer our team were **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. "Babe" Moseley** (they rented a villa from an admiral for their stay), **Major & Mrs. Michael Dewey**, **Mr. David & Lady Caroline Somerset**, and **Mr. Ted Marsh**—our international team's most generous benefactor because of the generosity with which he lends his valuable horses.

Also there were **Mr. & Mrs. Reg Hindley**, who also took a villa, **Mrs. J. A. Guinness**, **Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Marshall**, **Mr. Eddie Harty** (the character among the Irish riders who exchanged pleasantries with the crowd during his faultless crossing of the cross-country jumps), **Capt. Mike Cavanagh**, **Mrs. Peg Watt**, **Lady Jane Stanhope**, and the **Duke of Norfolk's** daughters—their station wagon loaded with enough luggage to take care of any emergency.

Now the target is Tokyo. The faint-hearted will say we shouldn't go. But I think those at Rome will agree that our present teams—with a couple of better horses—would do us proud. Now is the time to start raising the £38,800 it will cost to send them.

The Olympic telecasts made fans of many who don't often follow sport. Just as amazing as the Games, they found, were the ravings of the commentators and sportswriters.

BRIAN INGLIS of 'What the papers say' examines these

OLYMPIC EXCESSES:



SITTING by a lakeside in a remote part of the west of Ireland, I read:

"The most disastrous, tragic, and utterly inexplicable day I have ever seen in British athletics"

and:

"It is with regret that I report another black and bitter day for Britain"

The writers were Peter Wilson of the *Mirror* (the man they cannot gag) and Alan Hoby of the *Sunday Express*; and I have since found their agony duplicated in papers, which, for one reason or another, do not reach the west—such as the *Pictorial*:

"Utter chaos. Complete humiliation. These are the only phrases I can use to sum up the cause and effect of one of the blackest weeks in the history of the British Olympics"

The language comes as no surprise: as sports writers here shout at the tops of their voices on every trivial domestic dispute, they understandably run short of fresh adjectives for the big occasion, and have to fall back on a string of stale ones. But the chauvinism... the preoccupation with national prestige...

Not that it is new: the shock a foreigner gets on seeing a poster announcing ENGLAND COLLAPSE, only to find it refers to an innings in a Test Match, is an old joke. But after this Olympics, I am not sure it is still a funny one.

To read the reports of the Olympics in Baurisheen, in the county of Galway, was disturbing; the writers sounded as if they had been afflicted with some patriotic paranoia.

They had some excuse. As usual, pre-Olympic hopes had been too high: with a bit of luck, the *Mail* thought, the British team would bring back seven gold medals; the *Mirror* forecast eight. As it happened, too, the team made a promising beginning ("Three days, three finals, and THREE MEDALS!" the *Mirror* gleefully cried; "That's the marvellous start our marvellous mermaids have given us!"). This made the later flops harder to bear. And some members of the team asked for trouble; Pirie, with his over-confident estimates before and his over-glib excuses after. Still, this cannot account for the venom with which the sportswriters lashed the team, the athletics authorities, the Government, and any individual athlete who failed to live up to their expectations—when Mary Bignal failed in the long jump, Desmond Hackett of the *Express* actually suggested the reason might be that "she funkyed." Their assumption was that an athlete who failed to give her best performance in Rome was letting down her country.

The broadcast commentaries, I am told, were little better. According to an Italian friend who watched the Olympics from his flat in London, the commentators concentrated on British athletes, if any—regardless of whether they were in the race or not; in the absence of a Briton, on Commonwealth athletes; and failing anybody from the Commonwealth, on athletes who came from English-speaking countries. The activities of the rest, he complains, were largely ignored. And the editor of *The Tatler*

assures me that a belated British competitor, teetering to the tape, was described on the commentary as "coming in a gallant last." I can believe it.

Symptoms of nationalist fervour in other countries' supporters aroused our newspapermen's superior disfavour. The Olympic idea, Laurie Pignon of the *Sketch* complained, has been diverted from its original principles: "It is being ruthlessly used for international prestige and propaganda." Yet a few days later Pignon himself was complaining "England expected better than this from our top athletes." "England expects" was, in fact, the constant theme of our sportswriters. They damned the Americans and Russians for bringing the cold war into the stadium, and they complained that the German audience was too well-drilled and the Italian audience too vociferous; but they judged everything the British team did as a reflection of England's prestige. When things went badly, the *Mail* lamented that "the citadel of British running was crushed in the dust," and Peter Wilson insisted that authority must intervene or Great Britain will continue to "suffer this kind of public and disgraceful humiliation." When things went better, Wilson's reaction was to boast that "British competitors had picked up the Union Jack from the dust into which more publicized stars had trampled it." It was nationalism gone berserk.

Why? There is quite a widespread impression that British newspapermen are cynical, writing that way only because readers are believed to like it. The sportswriters of Fleet Street are presumed to stoke up emotions they do not feel because it is good for circulation. And certainly it is often hard to believe they can take what they write seriously. When that oldest of Olympic hoaxes was played before the Games began, our writers did not laugh it off; one of them actually wrote:

"Around me were the finest, fittest, cleanest young men and women in the world... yet over everything was the black, ugly slur that Britain might be cheating in the meanest way—that one of her woman athletes is a man"

Still, hard though it is to believe that a newspaperman can produce stuff like that with tongue out of cheek, it is my impression that they really do believe in their own—at least at the time of writing. Hardened cynics some of them may be, but give them an event like the Olympics and they are still capable of going into trance states over their typewriters, working themselves up into frenzies, like lay preachers in hell fire chapels. And they can justify themselves by arguing that the ordinary citizen likes to feel the kind of emotion, reading the report, that he could expect to have felt if he had been present in the stadium. If this is true, it presents a disturbing picture of the ordinary citizen. But I prefer to suspect that the verdict of the *Sunday Dispatch's* correspondent on the Games comes nearest to the truth: "Our biggest enemy is our British insularity. And in this many of us entrusted to write the news are as guilty as those who have failed to make it."

MALLETOMANES

Young polo-players (this page) at the Pony Club's Inter-Branch championships; and (opposite) the cream of croquet players at Hurlingham for the President's cup

The winning Staff College & Sandhurst team, from left, Anthony Hodson Mackenzie, Tania Wilson, Brig. Jack Gannon (the referee), Robin Hill & Nigel Howard Jones



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Above left: Col. the Hon. Guy Cubitt, chairman of the Pony Club since 1939. The tournament took place at Aldershot



Far left: Mrs. G. Dick Read, widow of the gynaecologist, her granddaughter Lucinda Lewis, reserve for the Bisley team, and Mrs. H. G. Lewis. Left: Ann Hamilton, who was playing at No. 2 for the Cowdray Hunt team, on her pony Rajah

Mrs. G. W. Solomon, mother of Mr. J. W. Solomon, with her daughters Mrs. Spencer Kerby & Mrs. J. R. Woodcock



In play (above) Mr. E. P. C. Cotter, this year's cup winner, and the man he defeated, Mr. J. W. Solomon (seen again left) who has won it three times before. Mr. Cotter lives at Putney

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEWIS MORLEY



Major-General Sir Miles Graham, (right) the industrialist, winner of the Robin Hood cup this year, watching with Mr. H. O. Hicks, who also played in the President's cup



Mrs. V. Gasson, secretary of the Croquet Association, greets visitors as she hurries across the ground with her Pekingese

BARNSTORMERS



Autumn comes barnstorming in with a cast of colourful and attractive clothes on which the curtain first went up a few weeks back in the couture collections of London and Paris. Now they are set for a winter run with showings in all the big stores. It's easy to get into the act because there's really no hard and fast fashion line to follow this autumn. But watch for—and buy—the just-below-knee-length skirt that is either slim-fitting or pleated all round to achieve the same effect; the hip-length jacket that merely hints at your having a waist. Choose for evenings a long close-fitting ankle-length dress, for about-town a coat of softest Continental suede—imported leathers are favourites this season. Aim for a long, slim silhouette and pick brown shades rather than blacks. And remember that hats are high and often furry, that hair, conversely, should be kept short and dressed close to the head. For full dress rehearsals see following pages. Harness props are from Watneys.

Horrockses inexpensive tailored dress is in fine grey and white Prince of Wales check worsted. It has an all-round knife-pleated skirt, a set-in basque deputizing for a belt and a shirt-waister top. From Barnett Hutton, Oxford Street, W.1; Belmont, Swansea, and Bon Marché, Liverpool, price: 7½ gns. Ostrich cap from Chez Elle at Liberty: 17 gns. Black patent shoes with lattice design edging to the vamp at Russell & Bromley, 6½ gns.

Opposite: glowing red for a winter coat by Leslie Kaye at Harry B. Popper in deep pile wool velour trimmed with a shoulder-wide collar of black Persian lamb. The topcoat is cut with a gently indicated waist flaring to a slightly wider hemline, two side vents give added freedom of movement. On sale at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Samuels, Manchester and Bradford, price: about 64 gns. Hat and muff by Otto Lucas. Black patents from Russell & Bromley, £4 9s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID OLINS





SHIRTWAISTER impeccably tailored by Dorville in sand-coloured baratheca has three-quarter sleeves and the fashionable bloused back. The only trimmings are a calf belt and domed bone buttons, both in the same colour as the dress. From Debenham & Freebody, London, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Southport and Bradford, price: 24½ gns. Chez Elle hat of contrasting cream and tan kid-skin has saddle-stitching along the edge of the brim. From Liberty, W. price: 8 gns. Charles Jourdan shoes of calf leather in a new shade called Whiskey have low stacked heels and a high bow-trimmed vamp. From Russell & Bromley, price: 6 gns. Gloves by Pullman

WHITE has always been a favourite for winter and the taste is confirmed (*facing page*) with a coat of moiré cut on classic country lines but upgraded to a town coat by a lining of civet and a cravat of the same fur. Made by Dereta, it is on sale at Woollands, S.W.1; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames, and Bennetts, Reading, price: 21 gns. High hat of swathed off-white melton by Otto Lucas is at Woollands and the shoes of black calf with a swathed vamp, from Russell & Bromley, price: 8 gns. Black calf gloves by Pullman

BLACK and white flecked tweed was used by Rembrandt to make this tailored dress and jacket, the ideal two-piece for some of those in-between autumn days that alternately smile and frown. The collarless dress has three-quarter sleeves and a black calf belt, the single-breasted jacket has rounded raglan sleeves. This two-piece is on sale at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Alexander Henderson, Glasgow; Handleys, Southsea, price: 17½ gns. The black velvet stove-pipe hat by Otto Lucas is at Debenham & Freebody and the topaz lapel brooch set in gilt is made by Adrien Mann

BARNSTORMERS *continued*

BLACK antelope suède topcoat (*below*) is an import from Spain. The lapels of its wide collar reach to the edge of the shoulders, there is a deep vent at the back of the skirt and two low-placed slit pockets. A Paul Blanche model at Harrods, S.W.1; M. & L. Campbell, Glasgow, and Evan Roberts, Cardiff. Price: 58 gns. The Mongolian lamb that Paris loved is represented here by a Chez Elle pull-on hat at Harvey Nichols' Little Shop, Knightsbridge, price: 7 gns. Black calf shoes with long swathed vamp and scalloped throat from Russell & Bromley, price: 8 gns.

BARNSTORMERS *continued*

BLACK crepe occasion dress (*opposite*) by Christian Dior (London) Ltd., is made in effect as a two-piece. The all-round knife-pleated skirt has a sash of black satin tying loosely on the hip while the bloused top with a wide neckline edged with the same black satin achieves the beetle-back line that was such a notable feature of the London couture collections. It is on sale now at Nora Bradley, Chelsea and Guildford, and the price is 45 gns. Russell & Bromley's black patent court shoes have a calf lattice trim. Price: 6½ gns. at Bond Street and Knightsbridge branches





BARNSTORMERS *continued*

BLACK lace never fails to flatter and this typical Susan Small model is the kind of dress that does everything for you. It can go anywhere too, even if your plans include a harvest celebration in a real barn. Black Chantilly lace tops a short crinoline and many layers of white net. The bodice is boned and a black velvet bow is its only trimming. It is on sale at Dickins & Jones, W.1; House of Mirelle, Hull; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester. Price: 25 gns.





FORMAL dress for dinner and theatre parties by Frederick Starke is an ankle-length sheath of oyster satin with a high wide neckline. It is sleeveless and has a natural waistline accentuated with a sash belt. The hip-length jacket has a warm quilted lining and is embroidered in coral and green silks highlighted with gold thread. From Fortnum & Mason, W.1; Loose & Son, Frinton-on-Sea, price: 79 gns. Gold brocade court shoes with diamanté buckles from Russell & Bromley, price: £3 9s. 9d. Crystal choker by Vendôme



BARNSTORMERS *concluded*

FLATTERING and always in fashion, this draped silk jersey dress is a particularly lovely example from Hardy Amies' Ready-to-Wear collection of a gown designed for elegant dining at home. The colour is palest Parma violet and the dress is on sale at Cresta, New Bond Street; Madame Joan, Nottingham; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. The price is about 46 gns.



stool. So who *will* be dashing into the salons to order? Who, indeed, will be rushing round the corner, with paper patterns, to the tiny dress-maker?

Pondering this phenomenon, I have lit on a truth of profound importance, the secret of the salons: THE GIRLS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NEW FASHIONS AREN'T GIRLS LIKE US AT ALL.

Consider the positions in which they get—or *seem* to get. Until lately, the favourite pose showed one leg crossed in front of the other, advanced and pointed. Now the extent to which that front leg is advanced and pointed makes it impossible for any human being to keep the back leg straight—you've just got to bend at the knee and protrude at the base. But once you know, it's perfectly simple. Like Hermione Gingold, in the sketch in which she portrayed a Picasso, those models have a portable *false* front leg. They plant this in front of themselves and tuck up the real one. For the more skittish teenage clothes, they bend the leg at the knee and kick it out at the side at an angle preposterous even for a ballet dancer. I got on the track of this by careless writing on the part of several glossy journalists.



out the frame before the picture gets into the papers.)

Then there are the twenties revival fashions, which can only be photographed satisfactorily on girls with a spinal curvature which would never have been allowed to develop in these National Health days, and a total absence of bosom. Here the photographer is the clever one—he just takes the picture of the girl as she is, but with the dress on back to front. Then he cuts out her head and sticks it back the other way round when he prints the picture—bust into back, in brief.

Then there's the gay directive that the collections are "*clothes for the life you lead.*" This has got me baffled. Where do the people *lead* the lives they are shown leading?

We see them perched on the scaffolding of office buildings, in tailor-mades of such severity that they'd be hard put to it to climb into a contemporary taxi, much less up a ladder. They hip their way in cocktail slinkies through sports stadia or down Billingsgate alleys—where I just don't *want* to go when I'm all dressed up. They trail, to the tune of the ruination of several hundred pounds worth of high fashion, down

MEN, WOMEN AND MODELS

B PAMELA VANDYKE-PRICE

Being one of the great fuzzy mass whose reactions are madly basic—in or out, up or down, as far as waists and skirts are concerned—I'm getting a bit restive about the confident assertions of what I'll be wearing this autumn. Does all this chi-chi and frou-frou concern me at all? I begin to suspect that the whole collection convention is one vast game of Continental Consequences: "Hardy Amies met Givenchy at Simonetta's... and the consequence was we all carried pink mink parasols next Ascot." And when the pink mink parasol, splurged across the fashion glossies, gets into the gossip columns, then everyone is pleased and says of course they knew it would catch on and it's being copied in rabbit like mad.

First of all, who is the *You*? Always excepting the lovelies of music hall and cabaret (who can't, after all, keep *all* those fingers pinning and gussetting and appliquéing in the halls of haute couture), it's perfectly plain to the suburban surveyor that the general consequence of what novelists call *le high life*, is a well covered frame. The ladies who overlap the bar stools at the soda fountain in that Piccadilly store aren't hanging back on the cream and nuts in *their* sundaes. But the haughty-lipped clothes-pegs of the fashion pictures could be fitted two to a bar

"*Always,*" they instruct us "*buy two pairs of the same shade of stockings at a time. Then when you ladder one, you still have a perfect pair.*" For years that worried me. If I ladder one stocking out of two pairs, I still have a perfect pair anyway. What do I do with the odd stocking? But of course—it's for the odd *extra* leg.

More recently, models have been shown with legs wide apart and hips flung forward in a position risking serious dislocation of the pelvis for anyone not brought up in a Balinese dancing academy or one of those clubs where ladies take off their clothes for fun. What obviously happens here is that the models perch themselves up behind a pair of false scissored-out legs and wide-angled hips that are draped in the skirt and wearing the shoes being photographed. Exactly the same device is employed in shots of models taking strides so long that even a girl positively *stretched* by keeping pace with Guardee escorts would fall down—the model simply tucks herself behind the false legs which are draped with the appropriate garments. When she is shown actually leaping in the air, however, a different technique is brought into play. Out from the photographers' attics come all those wire frames their grandfathers used for holding the head of the subject absolutely still during the exposure. The model's waist is fitted into these frames and the frame—and girl—is raised and lowered by being screwed up and down, on the same principle as that of a portable firescreen. (It's quite simple to touch

Kashmiri rivers, stoles astern, or prop themselves, gun in hand, with sturdy brogues and leather jerkins, against the bar of some Paris boîte, where one might suppose an ex-pugilist to be a girl's better protection. I've eyed them in an aquarium wearing poncho and pants for the plage, in a nightgown in the Alhambra, and last week I saw them, in rather loud checks, being buzzed by a helicopter. I've also noted them on the top of signposts, underneath the most unsavoury kind of arch and striding across the bullring after the moment of truth.

Dear fashion writers, we sheltered types just don't get *round* to dressing for these occasions.

Where, we may aggressively demand, are the clothes for the sort of life we *do* lead—clothes for crawling under the car, reaching out to unbung the bird's-nest-crammed gutter, picnicking in the rain, repelling the onslaughts at the childrens' party and resisting the advances of the too-gay chief accountant at the office outing? We may get photographs of rainwear—what about windwear, the sort of fashion that is impervious to the weather that assails us between the taxi and the restaurant entrance, or that, *en route*, tears out hair down in the Tube? Where are those "practical" styles that can be adapted to our eldest daughter without condescension or given to the Continental help without shame? Perhaps they're there all the time, and it's just that the people inside them aren't girls. Perhaps there are three sexes, not two—men, women and models.



The flat with



Next to the view the Queen sees as she looks down the Mall from the windows of Buckingham Palace, there is nothing in London to compare with Lady Carrington's view. From her flat she can look straight down the Mall from the opposite end to the Queen's. As wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty she occupies a flat in Admiralty Arch and the picture above shows her at one of her windows. The picture at right is taken from the same window and through it can be seen the tree-lined Mall stretching away down to the Palace. Other windows of the Carringtons' flat follow the curve of the arch and give views across St. James's Park towards

the pond and—not so enviable—straight across the road to the Citadel, that monstrous wartime relic the ugliness of which even a coat of ivy cannot obliterate. In the picture above the Carringtons' windows can be distinguished by their curtains—the other rooms in the arch are offices and have none.

As an official apartment, the rooms were already furnished when the Carringtons moved in (Lord Carrington became First Lord last October) but additional furniture has come from Admiralty House—surplus to the requirements of the Prime Minister who has moved in there

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

the most surprising view in London

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES





*The flat with
the most surprising
view in London concluded*

during the reconstruction of No. 10 Downing Street. The flat has four bedrooms, hall, dining-room (*above right*), and sitting-room, &c. Only the sitting-room has been redecorated but family paintings now adorn the walls. One painting (*above left*) shows the third Lord Carrington as a boy and another (*below*), by Raeburn, shows the second baron (Lord Carrington is the sixth). On side tables are photographs of the Queen, Mr. Macmillan, and the Carringtons' children (one son and two daughters) and bowls of flowers from the garden of their country home near High Wycombe.



LORD KILBRACKEN

The year I skipped autumn

AUTUMN is the shortest and most elusive season, and I can never help feeling surprised that it should have Fashions of its own, just like all the others. They, after all, are reasonably well defined, especially winter, which begins in early November and often lasts five months. This year's summer—for me, anyway—hasn't even started by the end of August, which tends to crowd autumn out.

Some years autumn can come and go without one really noticing it at all, and in 1950 I managed to miss it completely. It happened like this. I'd been invited by the mayor and corporation of Christchurch, New Zealand, to attend the centenary of the Province of Canterbury, of which Christchurch is capital, because it had been founded by John Godley, my great-grandfather, and they wanted a representative of the founder's family to be present. The mayor and corporation offered to pay my passage, first class, from England to New Zealand and back, but I thought it would be more fun to go overland as far as possible, and managed to wangle the loan of a Morris Oxford from the Nuffield Organization for the purpose.

My absolute deadline for arrival was 16 December, the 100th anniversary of the arrival at Port Cooper, now known as Lyttleton, of the *Charlotte Jane*, the first of the First Four ships bearing the Canterbury Pilgrims, as they were known, to reach the colony, having made the journey in 99 days. (The *Randolph* was despatched only six hours later, the *Sir George Seymour* next morning, and the *Cressy* after ten days, though they had never once sighted one another since leaving England.) A great believer in making progress backwards, I decided to take much longer—almost three times longer—than even the *Cressy*, and gaily set out from London on 19 March, leaving myself nearly nine months for the journey.

March in France and Italy; April in Yugoslavia and Greece; May in Greece, Turkey, Syria, Jordan, Iraq and Persia. It had been early spring when I left London, spring *pur et simple*

in Paris, early summer on the Côte d'Azur, back to spring in Venice and Yugoslavia, summer again in Greece and Turkey. On 26 May, with 5,971 miles on the clock (including side-trips and detours), I crossed from Turkey into Syria, and hit the tropical midsummer which continued nonstop till October, through Jordan, Iraq, Persia, Pakistan, India, Siam and Indonesia.

The overland run ended at Calcutta, at 20.03 hours on 3 September, with 14,315 miles behind me in 5½ months, which had however included a month's holiday in Greece (Delphi) and three weeks' holiday on the Caspian (Resht and Pahlevi), not to mention several stopovers of a week or so; I was actually driving on only 55 days. It wasn't possible, then, to drive beyond Calcutta, so I took to the air on one last detour and shipped the car via Colombo to Fremantle.

Calcutta in early September was far from autumnal, and when I flew south, to Bangkok and Djakarta, it was to equatorial summer. I spent a month in Indonesia—Java and Bali—and then set out by air again, in early October, to rejoin the car. It was late spring when I reached Port Darwin that evening, and early spring in Perth next day. (Fremantle is Perth's harbour.)

It took a week to drive the 3,000-odd miles across the continent of Australia to Sydney and, after dallying for a further week in Sydney, I sailed with the car for Wellington, and eventually reached Christchurch on 19 November, in lots of time for the centenary. It was now, again, late spring, and by Christmas it was midsummer.

On Christmas Eve, in broiling sunshine, I walked the 20 or 30 miles of the Milford Track—the only way of reaching the incomparable Milford Sound, in New Zealand's fjordland—and arrived, perspiring freely, to be greeted next day with hot roast turkey and an enormous Christmas pudding.

I spent two months in that happy Dominion,

during which I made about 61 speeches—great ones for speech-making, the New Zealanders—besides opening countless bazaars and exhibitions, and laying many foundation stones. I was always finding myself on the same dais as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the only other official guest at the festivities, and we took it in turn to open things.

I kept hoping that the Nuffield Organization would give me the car, in which I'd driven 17,707 miles by the time I reached my great-grandfather's statue in Cathedral Square, and which had acquired volumes of publicity for them, but this happy thought never struck them! (Instead they gave me an inscribed cigarette case, which I popped, owing to financial pressures, the same afternoon.) The car was auctioned in New Zealand for rather more than it would have cost me in London.

For the return journey, I availed myself of the mayor's free ticket, and took rather a grand cabin in the *Mataroa*, a cargo-boat which carried some 300 passengers besides several thousand tons of refrigerated mutton. I still steered clear of elusive autumn in the 37 days we took to reach Southampton—well under half the time it had taken the *Charlotte Jane*. We sailed on 8 January, and had midsummer weather all across the Pacific to Panama and on to the Antilles.

We sailed from Curaçao on February 11, and the summer weather ended on the 15th, as faithfully recorded in the *Siren* ("incorporating the *Mid-Pacific Times* and the *North Atlantic Advertiser*"), a bi-weekly which I inaugurated, edited and, for the most part, wrote, during the course of our voyage. We passed directly into winter, which lasted for a most unpleasant week; had three days of unexpected summer approaching and passing the Scillies; and reached Southampton on 24 February, a cold, drizzly morning, but with spring not far behind.

It wasn't till September, 1951, that autumn made its brief, fickle reappearance for the first time since 1949.

GUEST AT THE GALWAY FEAST



*Diary of an oyster odyssey across Ireland, by
Hector Bolitho*



Arrival of Queen Neptuna at Kinvara Pier in yellow coach, plus attendants

I knew for certain that I was in Ireland when, standing on the railway station, I asked the gold-edged official, "Please, when does the train leave?" and he answered, "When it is full." The talk on the train was solemn most of the way: the pretty Irish woman said, "I can remember as a child, the knocking on the door, and my mother crying, 'It's the Tans!' and the English soldier coming at me with a bayonet, to frighten me. I was only two at the time." Then I met a Protestant who frowned and said, "There's one tragedy you'll miss coming this way: the fate of the lovely old Georgian mansions from which the English were driven. The priests have taken many of them over and they're in a terrible mutilated state. They're the great landowners now. If anything will drive the young into Communism it's the sight of the rich power of the church."

Then an Irish woman said: "The pity of it is that we have no National Trust to save the houses. No government in Ireland would dare vote money to restore those mansions, because they are a symbol of the old tyranny of the English landlords."

A young man of 21 then said: "Yes, my generation can't stand that

sort of thing. We are sick of all that bitterness that we learnt at school. You'll find my generation tired of those old hatreds. Yet you'll find them in Belfast. I have a young friend who went there to work in a bank. When he went round looking for rooms, the landladies asked him his religion."

This was hardly talk for a holiday and I relaxed when an Englishman said: "But the logic of the Irish does not change. I went into a little home-knitting shop with my wife. She liked a pullover on the shelf and when it was unfolded it had only one sleeve. The man behind the counter explained, 'Well, I suppose the woman who knitted it ran out of wool.'"

We came to the coast of Galway: the stone walls and little cottages from which the hungry Irish used to escape and become policemen in New York. Then the sudden, splendid breeze from the Atlantic, the rocks on the shore, covered with strange gold seaweed, and the sight of green flags on Tarea pier, where the first oyster of the season was to be brought from the sea: where about one hundred people were waiting for the mayor in his scarlet robes.

It seemed a simple sight, blessed by the healthy Atlantic wind, until my guide pointed to the company on their chairs and said: "That's Lord French with two small f's. And that's Lady Killanin, the one with the lovely eyes and the high cheekbones; and that's Count McCormack. And that's Desmond Leslie—wrote about flying saucers, you know. Son of Sir Shane. We had hoped to have Count Michael Tolstoy here—he lives near Delgany, you know. But he could not come." It seemed a strange social heart for a republican country.

As I was guest of honour at the Galway feast, I was put on the mayor's right and while we waited for Neptuna to bring the first oyster from the sea, he told me all about himself. Eighty-eight years old, never been out of Ireland and still jogging along in the second-hand furniture business. I asked him how he remained so sprightly and he answered: "Och! I expect it's the ozone or oxygen or whatever you call it." He was a dear old, old man, without any of the side that mayors affect (when there was a slight shower of rain he drew his mayoral robes over his head and disappeared from view).

There was nothing fancy about the ceremony. Neptuna's throne was an old chair plucked from someone's parlour: we looked towards it, desolate on the little stage, until suddenly magic came out of the slope of rocks. A yellow coach, drawn by a horse, seemed to rise from the shore and inside was Neptuna, a pretty local girl, with her jewelled crown. Attendants and musicians pranced beside her. It was a merry sight—a phantom, except for the coachman's bowler hat. Neptuna brought her oysters; the mayor swallowed two, I filched three from his dish, the harpist played and sang; the accordion, the fiddle and the flutes, and the dancers went pleasantly dotty on the edge of the sea, and the season had begun.

What followed belonged to pre-Christian Rome rather than the simple edge of Ireland. We repaired to Paddy Burke's pub at Clarinbridge and ate 4,000 oysters between us before the day was over—all washed down with draught Guinness. It was the merriest orgy I have ever attended. The empty oyster shells piled up against the walls, just as they must have done at one of Sergius Orata's Roman jollies. We danced and sang, and exchanged our hats: we laughed at our own jokes and did not pause to listen to anyone else's. There was a Celtic madness in the land, and it endured long after Paddy Burke's last oyster was gobbled up, for we went then to the Great Southern Hotel in Galway, changed and pretended to be ladies and gentlemen again for the official dinner.

We sat through a feast that almost conquered us. Then beautiful Siobhan McKenna—do you remember her as St Joan?—spoke to us of her childhood in Galway. Then the minstrels on a high shelf scraped some jaunty tunes that could not drown our chatter. The last hour I recall was with a group of roisterers who quoted Yeats and Joyce over

more champagne. Then one of them quoted Socrates and another said, "*Och, Socrates! That old square.*" By then the "long grey fingers of the dawn were clutching at the fading stars." ("Day-break" is too mundane a word to describe an Irish morning), so we all went to bed.

Two days later I was in Dublin hoping to do penance for my sins on the west coast with a little sightseeing on the east. I made my way through the streets in a delightful old carriage, but with this disadvantage. I am sure the horse was the one I had once ridden while cubbing with the Meath (it tossed me into a haystack) years ago: it gave me a remembering, supercilious look, then turned its head the other way. Even the venerable, historical monuments of Dublin reminded me of my wild orgy in the west. We drove into the courtyard of Dublin Castle and I remarked to my companion: "Have you ever read of the visit of George IV here in 1821? It is a reflection on the English attitude towards Ireland that no monarch had bothered to come here, in peace, since Richard II in 1393." The Irishman answered: "Yes, George IV. And he was drunk the whole time he was here." That evening he led me to his books and showed me Croker's complaint that his royal master was *gayer than it might be proper to tell*, and Lady Glengall's comment, quoted in Creevey that the King was "*dead drunk*" and could hardly stand. All this, six days after Queen Caroline's death. "That for your English kings," said my Irish friend.

I felt the need for escape from this obsession so I returned to my first hunting ground, in Meath. The splendid mansion in which I had stayed is now a school, with a dead look in its windows. I turned back and followed the course of the Boyne to the place where King William's soldiers crossed the river in 1690. That was in June, when the steep slopes were "*covered with yellow blossom of gorse bushes.*" When I went, in September, the hawthorns were laden with berries, and the willows, leaning over the water, were already turning yellow. I followed the track with thistles whipping my ankles, as nearly as I could, where the King rode before the battle, so that the river lay "at his very horses' feet." I looked across the water and was astonished: behind the willows on the far bank the smoke of a farmer's bonfire rose in spurts, like the smoke from guns. But there was no sound. I walked along the edge of the Boyne. There were a few scarlet poppies, which seem to flourish on battlefields. They grew where the soldiers had been shot down by the Jacobites, as they began to ford the river. Beyond, on a crest of high ground, were the fallen stones of the memorial to King William's men—blown up during the passions of 1921. There were slabs of shattered stone still lying among the blades of iris leaves. On some of them I traced the Latin inscriptions glorifying the futile war. Nobody has ever bothered to gather them together for the nearby museum.

I returned to Dublin and to my last dinner in Ireland. It began with smoked eel and, remembering my one and only experience of jellied eel, the thought alarmed me. But the Irish now free the eels of their slimy fat and smoke them "*the Danish way.*" They were delicious. Then, with a parcel of them under my arm, I made for my ship at Dun Laoghaire, driven by a young Irishman, aged 24, who treated me to stories on the way. He repeated the boast of the other young Irishmen who said: "We are sick of the old bitterness we learnt at school." He said he was concerned by the infiltration of German business men into the country and that the English should make more effort to trade with Ireland. Then: "But you do not understand us and you never will. A little time ago, your biggest holiday camp promoter took a site here. The boys and girls from Lancashire come over and spend their two weeks in it; but not the Irish. We won't be regimented into our pleasures: a hooter to tell us when we have to get up in the morning and five strawberries on each plate for dinner. But you know what put us off! They had a sign, *Married Quarters*, which they advertised as one of their attractions. Some Irishmen I know started a rival holiday camp with the sign, *No Married Quarters*, and it has been full up ever since."



Mrs. Bobo Juarez and (left) diarist Hector Bolitho with the Mayor of Galway



Arrival of the season's first oysters by rowing-boat at the crowded pier

Lady French—an intake of 93

PHOTOS: C. C. FENNEL



Postscript from Paris

THE LATE, LATE SHOWS

Balenciaga & Givenchy

DRAWINGS BY GRAHAM

Among the many classic silhouettes in Balenciaga's colourful collection of short and long evening dresses were some astonishingly un-Balenciaga-like items. Notably the trousered evening dress (left) Indian in feeling though the material used is a cloud of black organza over pink. The bodice is tight and flat with the organza skirt caught at knee and ankles by satin ribbons over the pink trousers. With it went a magnificent coat of dulled orange with giant sleeves

Browns and blacks beloved by Givenchy were used on a white background for the brocade 9/10ths coat and dress (above, left) where the high waist is emphasized by the wide inset band, tied with black ribbon, from which a fullness springs into the bodice and skirt of the coat. Underneath—rigid to Givenchy's rule is a perfectly plain sleeveless dress with a high waistline (waists were wanderers in both collections). In the neck of the dress is a "bib" necklace and a huge hat of marabout completes the outfit. Available from Woollands from mid-October, inquiries from their Boutique

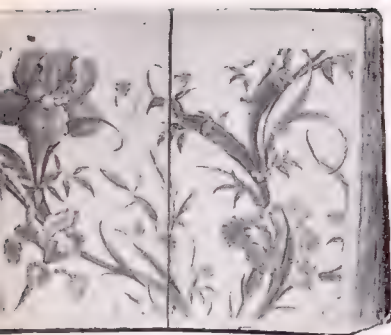


There was a military air at the Givenchy collection typified by the suit (far left) with its tunic collar, huge buttons and half belt. The jacket flares gently away from the body and has vents in front, the skirt is softly broken. Simpson's will have this model at the beginning of October in green, grey and dark broken tweed, price about £38. Coats at Givenchy were gigantic with squared shoulders and often with belts swinging low from the back to side-front, pockets were nearly always vertical

Notable in the day coats at Balenciaga were rounded shoulders, important buttons, detachable cape collars, or scarves or tucked-in fur cravats. The coat (left) was one of his full-length styles (many were 9/10ths) and is in white overchecked with grey. It is collarless and the dominating black fringed wool cape collar is attached to the little black dress underneath, one of a series of sleeveless models shown by Balenciaga. The dress is high-buttoning and has a wide waistband. The round black masculine hat is typical of the designer's hats this season

A comeback for ENGLISH CHINTZ

by Maureen Williamson



BOUND VOLUME of Bromley Hall designs & (right) the Iris design reproduced by Grafton Furnishing Fabrics. Width: 48 in., price: about 25s. At Woollands; Hammonds, Hull; Shaw, Manchester



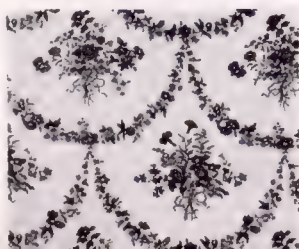
DUCKS, from an original Bromley Hall monochrome, has been adapted to modern multi-colourings on glazed chintz by G. P. & J. Baker. Width: 31 in., price 11s. 9d. a yard. From John Lewis, W.1

BONNY CHARLIE kerchief was exported to America around 1780.

G. P. & J. Baker reproduce it in the traditional indigo, sepia, black and blue. Width: 31 in., price 10s. 11d. a yard. At John Lewis, W.1



GARLANDS, another Bromley Hall design, is printed by Ramm, Son & Crocker Ltd. 50 in., price 27s. 6d. At Woollands; Jeffery Sons, Northampton; Bobby, Eastbourne



SUDDENLY THERE'S A REVIVAL IN ENGLISH CHINTZ; MANUFACTURERS and retailers report a bigger interest in printed curtain and furnishing fabrics than at any period since the war. And it's not the abstract and cubist designs of contemporary designers that are proving among 1960's best-sellers, but variations on or straight reproductions of textile designs first blocked in the 18th and 19th centuries. Many of these original designs were shown this summer at the Loan Exhibition of English Chintz at the Victoria & Albert Museum and the interest they attracted there stimulated several manufacturers to start looking to the past for "new" designs. These are just coming on to the market and the full effect is yet to be felt. There are of course concessions to modern taste, notably in the practice of colouring up what were originally monochrome designs and giving them a glazed contemporary look. But purists hunting up authentic late 18th-century reproductions can find them in Warner & Sons' *Old Ford*, Grafton Furnishing Fabrics' *Iris*, the *Bonny Charlie* and Penn's *Treaty* prints from G. P. & J. Baker and Walter T. Franklin's *Hardwicke*.

Chintz is for sophisticates so the market is growing, especially overseas. Sir Ernest Goodale, chairman and managing director of the long-established Warner & Sons Ltd., and himself an expert on textile colour printing and export-markets, reports that America is his company's largest single overseas customer, "but you must have the right man to push the goods in the right quarter." An interesting facet on sales to the States is that while Americans perfected and patented the Everglaze process (British users pay a royalty) they buy most of their chintzes from us.

South Africa comes rather a poor second according to Sir Ernest. "Only homes in a few of the large cities like Durban and Johannesburg can be expected to furnish with chintzes." Australia and New Zealand are both small buyers but there is a big European market, notably in France and Italy though both countries have their own highly developed textile printing industries. "The truth is that the trade has become more diffuse," says Sir Ernest. "We sell as much or more than we did before, but the pattern of buying has altered and customers are new."

The pattern of sales at home and abroad is firmly based on the acknowledged superiority of British colour printing which had its origin in the early 17th century when calico was first printed with small floral designs from wood blocks and simple monochrome dyes. The name and idea were purloined in approved style from Indian manufacturers who were already exporting "Chints"—lengths of cotton hand-painted in fast colours. Next step was the discovery of the secret

CONTINUED ON PAGE 573

OLD FORD, shown opposite in the original colours, was first plate-printed on linen and cotton by Robert Jones at Poplar in 1769. Warner & Sons Ltd., are reproducing it by the copper engraved machine roller process on white unglazed cotton in monochromes of sepia, indigo, charcoal, blue and green, width 48 in., price 17s. 9d. a yard. From George Spencer, Sloane St., S.W.1; Adam House, Henley-on-Thames; South Wales Furnishers, Swansea







COMPTON was designed by William Morris in 1896, the year of his death, for Compton Hall, near Wolverhampton. It is now being hand-blocked by Warner & Sons Ltd., on heavy cotton in two of the original colourations of sage green, blue, pink and cream on alternatively blue or white grounds. Width: 50 in., price: 40s. a yard. From Liberty, Regent Street



PASSION FLOWERS (early 19th century) was originally roller-printed in sepia and red with a "fancy machine ground." G. P. & J. Baker are printing it on glazed chintz in several multi-colourways to suit contemporary taste. Width: 50 in., price: 19s. 11d. a yard. From John Lewis, W.1



HARDWICKE, a Bromley Hall print (c. 1770) is being reproduced in monochromes of red, sepia, green, black, indigo &c. on white unglazed cotton by Walter T. Franklin Ltd. The original was plate-printed in blue on white and cost 10d. a yard. Width: 50 in., price: about 19s. 9d. a yard. From Maples, W.1; John H. Keil, Bristol; Robson, Newcastle

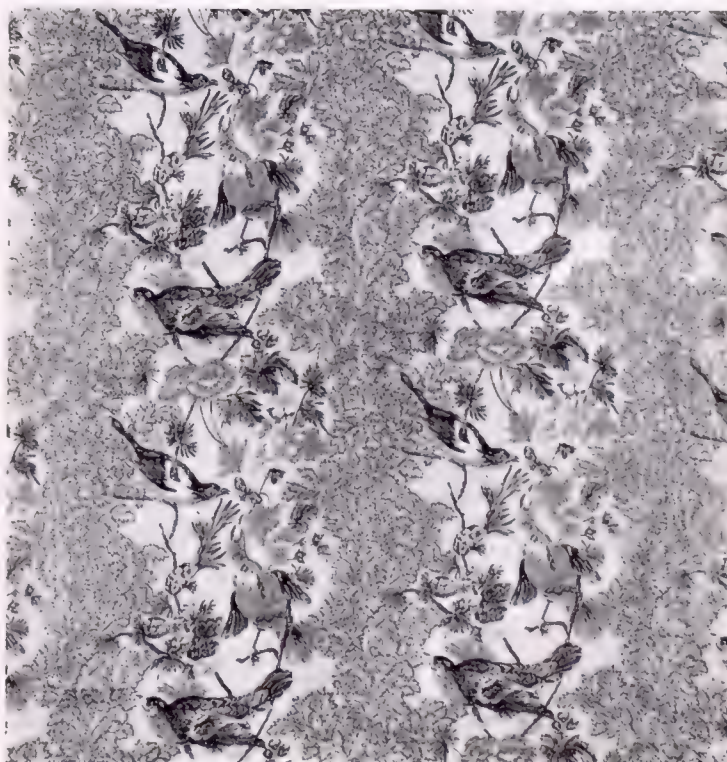
COMEBACK FOR CHINTZ CONTINUED

of fast dying (also Eastern) and the calico printing centres that mushroomed along the Thames at Lambeth, Bermondsey and Wapping and along the Lea at West Ham and Poplar provided the stimulus for the great period of 18th-century English textile design.

There are plenty of misconceptions about chintz. Some were only exploded by the recent discovery of five old pattern books of impressions on paper taken from 18th-century textile printers' copper plate. They show clearly that the designs we have come to regard as *Toiles de Jouy* were in fact native products and not examples or imitations of the designs produced by M. Oberkampf at his factory near Paris from 1770. Prints like the *Hunting and Fishing Scenes at Old Ford* designed by Robert Jones (colour plate) were on sale in England before that date and the pattern books prove that many of the surviving pieces of 18th-century chintz long attributed to the French were in fact made in England.

The final development of rotary printing on engraved metal rollers and the radical transformation in the dyestuffs available for calico printing in the first 20 years of the 19th century led to the great output of floral designs and sentimental prints that lasted till the middle of the century then collapsed into a period of decadence both of colour and design. Late 19th-century artists like William Morris came to the rescue and it is on splendid designs like Morris's *Compton*, completed in the year of his death, that the present revival is largely based.

BIRDS & CONES with *Fern Stripe* was printed in 1830 from designs adapted from Audubon's *Birds of America*. F. W. Grafton & Co. Ltd., are printing it on chintz cotton satin in five different colourways. Width: 48 in., price: 25s. a yard. From Woollands, S.W.1; Hammonds, Hull; Shaw, Manchester



PENN'S TREATY with the Indians, from the painting by Benjamin West, dates from 1775 and is a fine example of the commemorative designs popular then. G. P. & J. Baker are reproducing it on unglazed cotton with a special view to American sales. Colours are sepia, indigo, red, blue on white. Width: 31 in., price: 10s. 11d. a yard. From Peter Jones, S.W.1

By arrangement



PLASTIC hibiscus, sweet peas, sandrinas, wrinkled peperomia were arranged by Miss Nickalls, of Ning, 8 Symons Street, S.W.3, an antique shop with an artificial flower section. Arrangements can be chosen there or made up to order in a Ning vase or the customer's own; contracts are undertaken. This arrangement costs £10 5s. (with vase), but prices start at £1. Delivery on Mondays and Thursdays

COUNTRY flowers from her own garden supplemented by two large neighbouring ones are used by Mrs. David Hindley-Smith, whose personal flower service Penny-Wise is at the Manor House, Goudhurst, Kent. Orders ranging from small bunches to weekly contracts or dance assignments go by post to Goudhurst or by phone to KNI 4187. Delivery can be made. Reasonable notice should be given as flowers all come up from Kent. In the arrangement (right) are scandens, gazenias, little pom-pom dahlias, hyacinth candicans, Japanese windflowers and hops in a Victorian sugar bowl



BERRIES (right) also come from Pulbrook & Gould, who are at 181 Sloane St., S.W.1. Here are hawthorn, rose-hips, snowberry, mountain ash, privet, pyracantha, viburnum, ivy and old man's beard, in an antique urn. Similar vases sell at 3 gns.

Intelligence Report

Driftwood of exotic shapes and various sizes, decorative on a wall or shelf or as the base for a flower arrangement, can be had in London from Merelle Soutar, 13d Crawford St., W.1 (telephone WEL 2184). Dried flowers, plants and grasses and some unusual vases are also sold at reasonable prices (e.g. 6d. for a

bunch of poppy heads). Arrangements are made up to order either in these vases or in the customer's own. Mrs. Soutar also gives lessons in flower arrangement to anyone from the novice to the advanced student. Charges are 6 gns. for a six-week course (classes twice a week) or 2 gns. a day for day courses

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS



DRIED flowers (left) from the wide range at Pulbrook & Gould are hydrangeas, artichoke heads, thistles, yarrow, allium heads, shadow and magnolia leaves, green love-lies-bleeding, sorrel, wheat and water grass. This would cost 9 gns. altogether (the vase is 6 gns.). SMALL flowers (right) are the speciality of Angela Saunders, 6 Berkeley St., W.1, prices range from 1 gn. They stay open and deliver in Central London until 8 every day, and also take telephone orders and deliver on Sundays. The arrangement is of lilies-of-the-valley, late rosebuds and sedum



A. V. SWABE

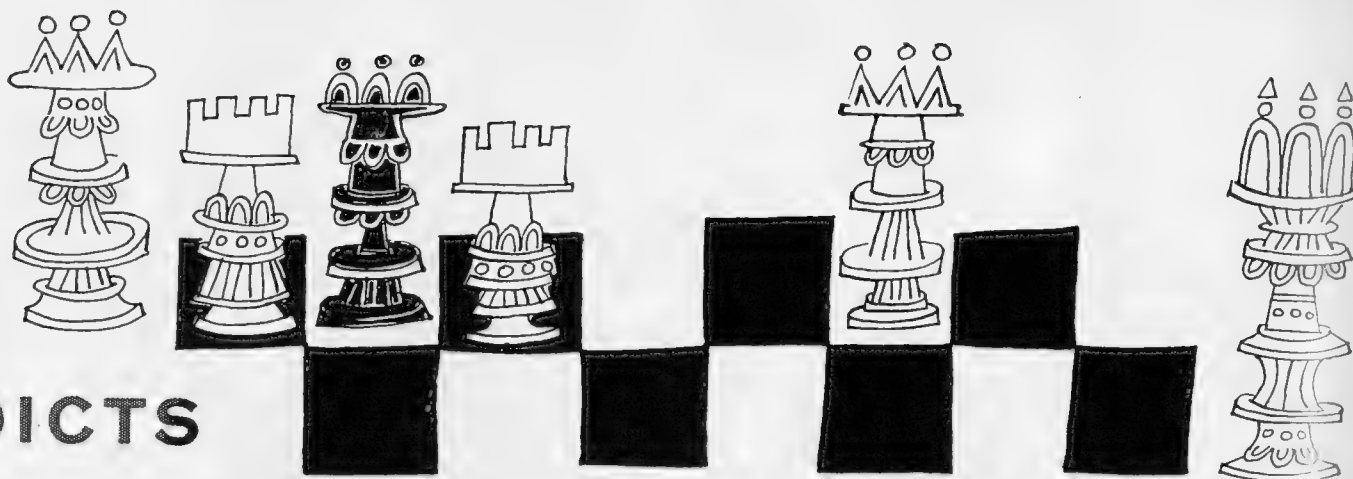


Coward's 50th first night

Talking it over: Noël Coward and Dame Sybil Thorndike. Acting it out: (below) Norah Nicholson as the mad Sarita Myrtle shocks her fellow players in Waiting In The Wings

CHRISTIAN WOODGATE





VERDICTS

The play **Waiting In The Wings.** Duke of York's. (Sybil Thorndike, Marie Löhr, Nora Nicholson, Mary Clare, Lewis Casson, Graham Payn.)

The films **In Six Easy Lessons.** Director Jacqueline Audry. (Dany Robin, Fernand Gravey, Bernard Blier, Jean-Claude Brialy.)

Pickpocket. Director Robert Bresson. (Martin Lassalle, Marika Green, Jean Pelegri, Kassagi.)

Anna Of Brooklyn. Director Reginald Denham. (Gina Lollobrigida, Dale Robertson, Vittorio De Sica.)

All The Young Men. Director Hall Bartlett. (Alan Ladd,

Sidney Poitier, James Darren, Glenn Corbett, Ingmar Johansson, Mort Sahl.)

The records **Walkin', The Most Of Miles, Birth Of The Cool, Straight—No Chaser,** by Miles Davis.

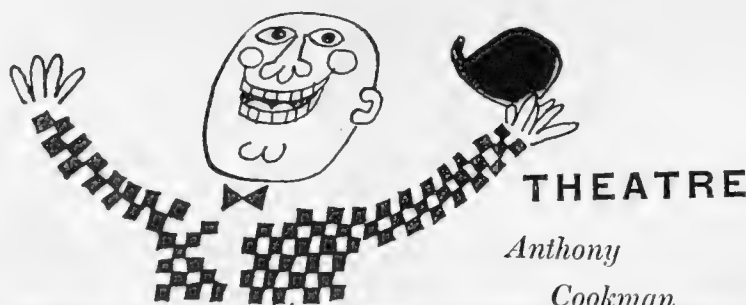
The books **Four Absentees,** by Rayner Heppenstall. (Barrie & Cockliff, 13s. 6d.)

The Devil & The Fool, by Gael Mayo. (Deutsch, 12s. 6d.)

A House Called Memory, by Richard Collier. (Collins, 10s.)

A London Childhood, by Angela Rodaway. (Batsford, 15s.)

The galleries **Whistler.** Arts Council.



Mr. Coward's cruel privilege

AGE, I SUPPOSE, IS AN ATTITUDE OF mind; and Mr. Noël Coward, from his early days in the theatre, has found no reason to change his mind. He remains today much as he was some 40 years ago: a youthful prodigy who can turn out any kind of play that isn't verse drama with veteran accomplishment. The wit may be bright or not so bright, but some lines and situations will always be immensely telling and many of the parts to a surprising degree actable.

When the luck has been with him we have got *Hay Fever*, *Private Lives* or *Blithe Spirit*, cracking good comedies that have their place in theatrical history. At other times he comes in for a tremendous wiggling from the critics and the public takes half a year or even longer to decide that the piece perhaps deserved its wiggling. A considerable section of the public is unshakably convinced that even bad Coward is good for an entertaining evening in the theatre.

Mr. Coward must have known that in all probability *Waiting in the Wings* at the Duke of York's would get him a fearsome critical caning. The one gift usually denied to a young man is compassion. This is a quality that even great artists mostly develop only when their brilliant, cocksure youth has left them, and Mr. Coward has stayed round about the same age ever since he began to write. Yet the idea had occurred to him that it would be rather fun to show retired actresses trying to get on with each other in a home run, as they never ceased to be resentfully aware, by public charity.

Surely not a good Coward idea, but an idea that seemingly became irresistible when he found that a group of elderly but still active and popular actresses would be willing to play the parts.

So we have Dame Sybil Thorndike and Miss Marie Löhr as two actresses who loved the same man, have not spoken to each other for 30 years

and are thrown together in the humiliating surroundings of a charity home. We have Miss Una Venning, Miss Maidie Andrews, Miss Norah Blaney, Miss Maureen Delaney, Miss Edith Day and Miss Mary Clare to show how amusing it would be to watch retired actresses in reduced circumstances cattily cutting about each other's pretensions to a glorious past. Of course Mr. Coward presents them entertainingly and of course he is aware with one side of his mind that his characters are pathetic—a great deal more pathetic than would be any ordinary collection of people living in a charitable institution.

It is not their want of means that troubles them most. Today queens, tomorrow trollops, it is only when actresses are themselves, remarks Hazlitt, that they are nothing, and to retire from the stage for any reason save weariness may often be found a horrible sort of living death. Mr. Coward skilfully creates the atmosphere in which his retired actresses would make shift to live together, but his story (such as it is) gives the impression that he is inclined to use their plight simply as a pretext for easy sentimental effects.

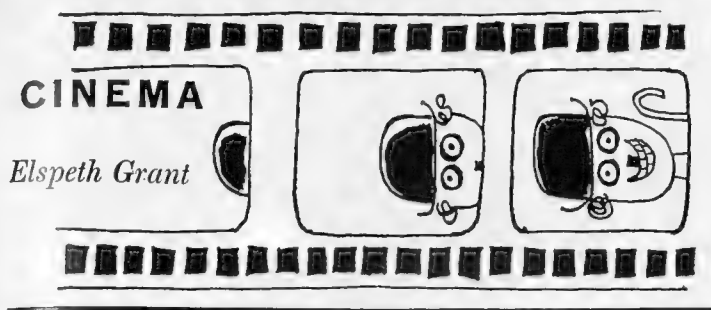
The consequence is that while the surface comedy bickers along more or less gaily our enjoyment of it is slightly spoiled by the largely unseen undercurrent of sadness. Though aware of it, the author seems to do too little about it and once, when he lets Miss Maureen Delaney die as she dances an Irish jig at a Christmas party, the ill-prepared effect all but sends the comedy into a spinning nose-dive.

But the actors are there to rescue the author whenever it is necessary. Dame Sybil Thorndike, entering the home for the first time, conveys by her poignant silences all that final retirement from the stage means to an actress. Miss Marie Löhr is a booming tragedy queen who sees life as a tragedy, and though without a grain of humour has the warmth of heart without which she would never have made her mark on the tragic stage.

Miss Maureen Delaney goes gently "round the bend" with all her memories of past greatness coming for the last time exquisitely to flower. And for all the old ladies Mr. Coward has supplied, if not good scenes, then many good lines, and the way the scenes and the lines are taken will, I should say, assure the play of a considerable run, even though it starts out with little in the way of critical praise.



CRISPAN WOODGATE
THE RIVALS, Lotta Bainbridge (Sybil Thorndike), and May Davenport (Marie Löhr), who have loved the same man for 30 years, settle their feud with tears in a moving scene in *Waiting In The Wings*



Queen of tarts

ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY, *L'école des Cocottes*, In Six Easy Lessons has charm and piquancy, is entertaining and instructive—and does not seem to me in the least to deserve the “C” certificate wished upon it by the Censor. It’s true it deals with the progress of an Edwardian tart from the streets of Montmartre to the very top of her profession—but finally it wags (though not too demonstratively) a moral finger: to become the talk and the toast of *haut Paris*, the poor girl finds she must sacrifice the better things in life—such as true love and the eating of onions.

Adorable Mlle. Dany Robin is in love with a poor café pianist, M. Jean-Claude Brialy, and remains faithful to him though hotly pursued by a rich, elderly and besotted business man, M. Bernard Blier—until she falls into the clutches of an impoverished count, the digne M. Fernand Gravey. He persuades Mlle. Robin that, with her looks and figure, it is her simple duty to society to become *une grande cocotte*. For a modest fee, he adds, he will teach her manners and deportment and the art of polite conversation and equip her with all the airs and graces of a *femme du monde*.

Mlle. Robin gracefully resigns herself to her fate and, once established in unaccustomed luxury as M. Blier’s mistress, applies herself diligently to her lessons at the count’s academy. The scenes at this establishment—with a model demonstrating the refinements of *le strip* (“the hat is retained to the last,” M. Gravey points out)—are deliciously funny. Mlle. Robin proves an extremely apt pupil—and is soon boring the pants off M. Blier with her elegance and hauteur: all he wanted was a dear little duck—and now he finds himself stuck with a most expensive swan.

On the advice of M. Gravey, Mlle. Robin allows an even older and richer man (M. Robert Vattier) to become her protector—and is soon seen everywhere with him. Alas, alas! Though fêted and flattered, Mlle. Robin begins to hanker after her first and only love, M. Brialy, and a good tuck-in at a Montmartre pull-up for carmen.

The point of no return has been reached—and M. Gravey is a

Svengali from whom there is no escape: when last seen, Mlle. Robin is heading wistfully for the couch of a maharajah whom he has selected as her next client. As Mlle. Jacqueline Audry has directed throughout with the lightest possible touch, the note of pathos here introduced is a tinkling and ironic one, but it is there—and should satisfy any moralist who is prepared to settle for the wages of sin being, if not death, emptiness and ennui.

The second French film this week—M. Robert Bresson’s fascinating study in compulsive crime, *Pickpocket*—seems to me far more deserving of an “X” certificate than the first, as it provides an easy-to-follow lesson in pickpocketing which is likely to tempt the impressionable to try their hands at the game. (It had me light-fingeredly exploring the pockets of my colleagues with such success, I felt I could make an expert “dip” if I put my mind to it.) All the same, this is classed as an “A” film.

It is difficult to sympathize with the young men who consider themselves superior to their fellow-beings and therefore at liberty to commit crimes against a society they despise—we have seen too many of them turn into murderers—but M. Martin Lassalle plays the current specimen, who merely steals watches and wallets to prove his point, with such obvious agony of mind that one must pity him.

There is, as almost invariably in this sort of story, a cat-and-mousey police inspector (M. Jean Pellegrini) to whom the young criminal is irresistibly drawn and eventually confesses. There is also a strange, grave young girl, Mlle. Marika Green, who gives him love—which, perhaps, was what M. Lassalle was looking for, all the time. M. Bresson, as we know from earlier films, can use silence to create tension—and to imprison his characters in a private torment of their own: he does so here—and the effect is, to me, superbly achieved.

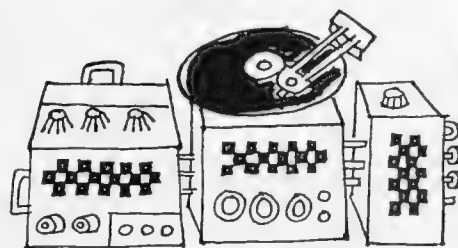
In *Anna Of Brooklyn*, the once luscious Signorina Gina Lollobrigida—the uninhibited peasant of so many endearing if minor Italian films—has been so glamorized, crimped and corseted, you wouldn’t know her. (Wouldn’t want to, either.) A rich widow, she returns

to her native village in Italy from Brooklyn. She can take her pick of the local males for a second husband—but the only one she desires is the reluctant and oafish blacksmith, Mr. Dale Robertson. (I understand he comes from TV: he should be sent straight back, in a plain van.) Signor Vittorio De Sica plays a “comic” priest with an embarrassment that I can well understand.

The colour problem figures in

All The Young Men—a war film, with a Korean setting. Mr. Sidney Poitier, a Negro sergeant, is given, by a dying white lieutenant, command of a handful of resentful white U.S. Marines. He wins their hearts by showing he is as willing and able to shoot down Chinese as they are.

I remain unconvinced by these goings-on that all men are brothers—unless the brothers we are talking about are Cain and Abel.



RECORDS

Gerald
Lascelles

Miles for Britain at last

ALMOST A YEAR AGO I BEWAILED the fact that Miles Davis, most intriguing of modern jazz trumpeters, was to visit Europe without calling on us in England. Now I can tell you that he is on his way, and will be opening his fortnight’s tour in London next Saturday. With him comes that fine altoist, Sonny Stitt, making his third visit to these shores, and a subtle pianist, Wynton Kelly, who has been featured with Gillespie and more recently with Miles’s small group. The balance of the rhythm section comprises Paul Chambers, one of the most recorded bass players today, and drummer Jimmy Cobb, both of whom appear regularly with Davis on sessions.

Miles Davis plays a vibrato-less style, well developed technically, but seldom blows powerfully in the sense that the old masters, such as Armstrong and Oliver, used to use their instruments. Davis is equally at home playing the flugelhorn, which he has featured extensively on some of his recent big band records. In fact he has the distinction of carrying off the top poll awards on both instruments. The 34-year-old trumpeter has always had *avant-garde* intentions, and broke loose a small storm when he took his controversial pianoless nine-piece band into New York’s Royal Roost Club in 1948.

The proceeds of that ill-fated venture can still be heard on *Birth of the cool* (Capitol T762), but some of his most important recorded work in the past decade has been with small five or six-piece groups, of which the Prestige series, released in Britain by Esquire, are probably the best. A 1954 session, *Walkin’* (32-098), shows his most boisterous mood,

whilst a cross-section of the big-band units which he has fronted on many later sessions for the Columbia label can be heard on *The most of Miles* (TFL5089).

Always a controversial figure, Miles Davis has the reputation of turning his back on an audience if the mood takes him, although I have never seen him do this myself. Rumour has it that he will be heavily screened from all intruders, critics, photographers and the usual gaggle of autograph hunters during his forthcoming tour. He would, I fear, be a splendid target for those enthusiastic hounds who like to seize on the eccentricities of such musical figures, merely to shower them with ridicule.

I shall go to hear him with avid interest, praying that he will be in good form, and that his group will come up to my expectations. All these things being equal, we should be treated to some of the most erudite studies in modern jazz that have yet reached England.

One of the best EPs on which one can hear Davis is from the Jazz Gallery series (BBE12351), in company with John Coltrane, Red Garland, Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones.

His bold, inventive style, his varying use of short and long phrases, and his whole ability to “organize” his solos combine to show his maturity. Early this year Fontana released an EP of the same group, with “Cannonball” Adderley’s alto added, playing *Straight—no chaser* (TFE17197). Monk’s well-known theme is a favourite of mine, and luckily one which has Davis and the other soloists reaching for the sky. His open horn playing on this record should be a real delight to any jazz-attuned ear.



No candles for Mr. Heppenstall

THE BOOK THAT INTRIGUED, AMUSED, plagued and entertained me most this week was **Fair Absentees** (admirable and double-edged title) by Rayner Heppenstall. Mr. Heppenstall, who writes novels, has contributed a large amount of brilliant and highly idiosyncratic production to B.B.C. features, and

comes from Yorkshire where men are conspicuous for having minds of their own, has here written a very strange and haunting little book about four of his friends—Eric Gill, J. Middleton Murry, George Orwell and Dylan Thomas, who were in their several ways very strange and haunting men.

The book is in fact a slice of Mr. Heppenstall's own life, with special lighting effects on those passages where the thread of his existence tangled with those of the four considerable and wildly disparate talents here examined and exposed. It is beautifully written, with a casualness that should deceive nobody, in Mr. Heppenstall's own highly personal, rueful (often even lugubrious) tone of voice, spiked with a mild dead-pan wit, and a certain kind of sombre, sometimes faintly macabre and phosphorescent gleefulness that is his alone.

It marvellously creates a climate of the times, and the action meanders eerily between pubs,

DIANA HOLMAN-HUNT is the author of *My Grandmothers & I* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), a study of two most formidable and entertaining ladies. Her paternal grandfather, a co-founder of the Pre-Raphaelites, painted the portrait of her father seen on the wall behind her, and the book throws much new light on the habits and personalities of the famous mid-Victorian group of painters

dedicated artistic communities, and rented houses in which Orwell typed on kitchen tables and Heppenstall, with the friendliest of intentions, created the occasional appalling scene.

The four men emerge triumphantly alive, and what I like particularly about the book is the author's rare gift for being able to express what is fundamentally a generous and deeply affectionate attitude towards them with a bleak and blank refusal to burn candles before shrines. Two of his subjects—Orwell and Thomas—are in grave danger of having canonization and martyrdom thrust upon them, and Mr. Heppenstall, though no aggressive iconoclast, nevertheless offers a powerful nudge in the direction of common sense, not to mention laughter. I found the book wonderfully and therapeutically funny, besides being a document of enormous value for the record, the more so because of its absolute lack of pomposity and its mild (but not too mild) insistence that this is one man's very personal eye-view.

The Devil and the Fool is a splendid novel to read in a long, hot bath. The author is Miss Gail Mayo, a lady who has apparently moved about a good deal and undertaken any number of interesting jobs. This stormy tale unravels the history of Olivia, an unawakened and sensitive sex-pot who is catnip to gentlemen and is quietly tortured by her unpleasant Italian husband, a jealous type involved in shady business.

She snatches the two children off to America with faithful Nanny, takes up night-club singing with a coloured entertainer whom she madly loves (he loves her fairly madly too, but insists on keeping the whole thing very pure because they are born ahead of their time), joins mixed-up former flame when father snatches children back, rejoins children when father meets violent doom, and is folded to heart of Steady Old Faithful and the last fadeout with promise of Great Awakening.

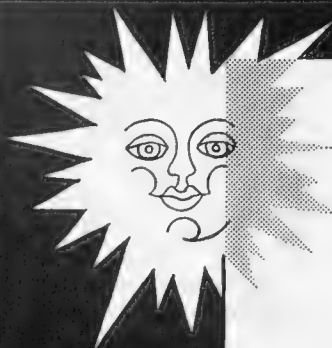
I was unsure what it was she had

that seemed to cause such widespread commotion, but her saga certainly slips down painlessly like candy-floss, leaving a faint, sweet taste and a sensation of astonishment that so much could have melted away into so little.

A House Called Memory, by Richard Collier, is a gentle, rather fervent account of a pre-war childhood in which father slaved and saved and planted fruit trees, mother put on a good suit to go shopping, and a cat called Mr. Puffin turned out to be Mrs. Puffin after all (guinea-pigs I know are a problem, but even before the war it was surely never quite so difficult to distinguish between the sexes in cats?). Mr. Collier's book interested me because I, too, was born in 1924, and I was slightly unnerved to find him writing like a grand old man crowding 70 or so. (He seemed to remember ladies of the tennis club in Suzanne Lenglen bandeaux and white stockings—I'm not questioning it, only wondering how I came to have missed them.)

After a poignant infant romance with a girl around seven years of age, it is also alarming to find him writing later, "Is Suzanne dead, her hair like ripe wheat and her lips upturned to mine in the darkness of our sanctuary, who took my hand in the knowledge that a man will fight for what he loves? How can she ever die, when the truth is inside me, living in a house founded on love?" Unless Suzanne came to an untimely end, there seems to me a fair chance that she is a spry 36 or so with every hope of a few more years to come.

A London Childhood, by Angela Rodaway, covers something of the same period in an entirely different context—it is an account of a very unprotected early life in a poor family, a prickly, edgy, sometimes shrill but very vivid book, gritty and disturbing and full of tenacity, bounce, and a sort of take-it-or-leave-it will to succeed. It doesn't charm, and I don't think it is meant to, but it has a glittering and holding eye.



FOND DE TEINT SOLAIRE-MAT

NEW TWO IN ONE FORMULA!

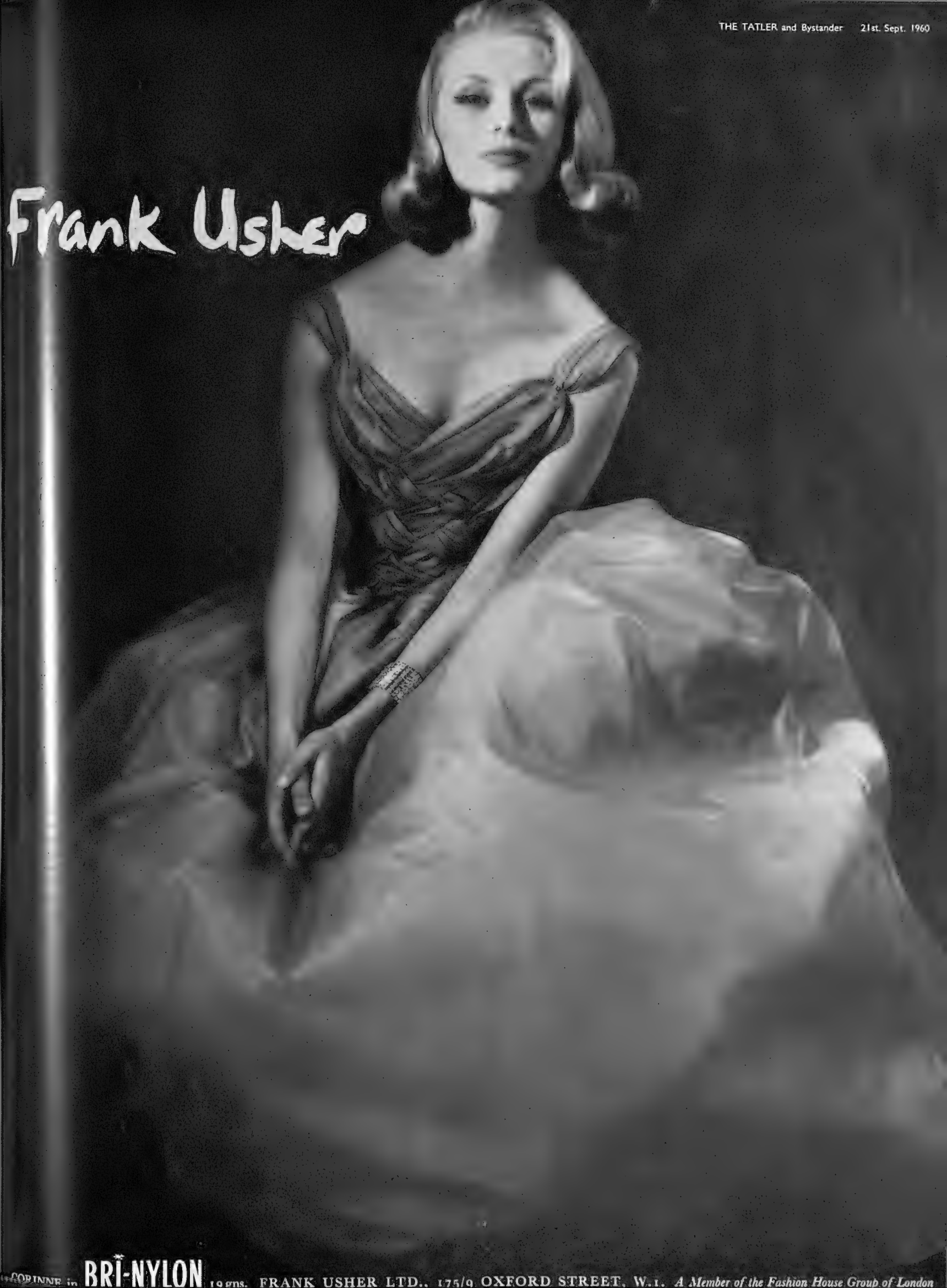
A NON SHINE SUNTAN CREAM AND MAKE-UP BASE

Wear alone as a flattering mat suntan cream,
or as a protective foundation, with cream
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.

LANCÔME



Frank Usher





TOM HUSTLER

LUCINDA (one and a half), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Brian Marsh, of Buckingham Palace Mansions, S.W.1, and Bramshott, Hants



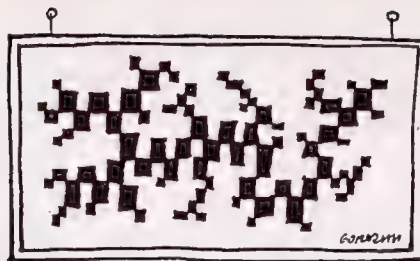
PRINCE FRANÇOIS-PHILIPP of Bourbon-Sicilies, with his parents Prince & Princess Antoine of Bourbon-Sicilies. Before her marriage early last year, the Princess was Duchess Elisabeth of Württemberg

Other People's Babies



ALAN SHAYLE

ANTHONY NICHOLAS COLIN (one and a half), son of the Hon. Robert & Lady Mary Biddulph, of Ewen House, near Cirencester



GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



Third thoughts on Whistler

SINCE HIS DEATH IN 1903 THE WORK of James Abbott McNeill Whistler has been, alternately, wildly and fanatically overrated and vindictively underrated. But more recently it has suffered an even worse fate. It has been ignored.

It was probably some feeling that this is an injustice to be redressed that led the Arts Council and the English-Speaking Union of the United States to collaborate in giving us the major retrospective exhibition of the American painter's work now at the Council's gallery.

For myself, however, I can only report that I came away from the exhibition rather less enamoured of Whistler than I was when I went in.

I flatter myself that I have never allowed reports of Whistler's petty, conceited, acidly witty, litigious personality to influence my assessment of his stature as an artist. But I have to admit now that it was an assessment based predominantly on those few pictures available publicly in London—particularly the Tate Gallery's *Little white girl*, *Miss Alexander* and the Battersea Bridge *Nocturne*—and those, like the portrait of Carlyle and *The artist's mother*, known from childhood through reproductions.

Worse, I realized after only a few minutes in the exhibition, that it was a sentimental assessment and that I had never given Whistler much serious thought.

My opinions about him (when I had any) were largely second-hand. They were, mind you, the best second-hand opinions available, for they came from the writings of Sickert, who was both his pupil and an extremely shrewd critic. So for me, involuntarily, this exhibition becomes a series of illustrations to a Sickert text.

For all his claims to have sprung whole from the head of Jove we may see here how Whistler grew, and grew away, from the realism of Courbet, how much he learned from Fantin-Latour and Manet, and how much he tried to steal from Velazquez. We may see how, after the sound and solid accomplishment of such paintings as *Wapping*, he became largely preoccupied with creating effects.

This striving for effects is not to be confused with the Impressionists' efforts to record impressions. With Whistler one feels far too often that he was not so much concerned with

the impression he was capturing as with the impression he was going to make on his public.

The results were almost invariably in excellent "taste" but seldom had any feeling deeper than sentimentality. I am speaking now particularly of the large portraits and figure compositions in oil, many of which are now collected together at St. James's Square.

Here, surrounding the familiar "arrangement in grey and black" of *Thomas Carlyle*, with its exquisitely (but irrationally) placed pictures on the wall, are the "arrangements in black" of *Sarasate*, *Lady Mazarin*, *Mrs. Huth* and *Lady Archibald Campbell*. All are black with a dead blackness that Sickert foresaw when he wrote, as long ago as 1908, of Whistler's method of painting "with that upon coat of paint, considerably thinned with oil and turpentine . . . resulting in a fatal lowering of tone, which the years can only accentuate."

Time having done its dirty work on these large works we must turn to the smaller canvases for a pure taste of the Whistler our great-grandfathers knew.

The paintings of the Thames done before the *Nocturne* obsession—the "grey and silver" *Battersea Reach* (No. 8) and the "brown and silver" *Battersea Bridge* (No. 9)—in spite of their tendency to slickness are, to my mind, far superior to most of their more popular successors. The notorious *Falling rocket* (No. 33, on loan from Detroit Institute of Arts), having long outlived the potency of Ruskin's "pot of paint thrown at the public" epithet, is seen to be more realistic than most of the *Nocturnes*. And in the spattered colours of the rocket's stars Whistler seems to have anticipated the *tachistes* by 80 years.

It would be foolish to make a generalization from this exhibition (there are far too many exceptions, particularly among the early works, that disprove the rule) but it leaves me with a vague feeling that Whistler's sincerity—and hence his claim to real greatness as a painter—was in inverse proportion to the size of canvas he was using. Certainly there is little in the big pictures to surpass the sheer painterliness of the very small seascapes. Through them he assured himself a place within sight of the great Boudin in the marine painters' heaven.

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RAYMOND FORTT



by ALBERT ADAIR

THE Mercurial Barometer, as we know it, originated from what is known as the "Torricellian Experiment." Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo, invented it by accident in 1643, when he discovered that normal atmospheric pressure supported a column of mercury roughly 30 inches high, and that this column rose and fell with the changes in pressure. In 1663 it was still novel enough to be the subject of a demonstration when Charles II visited the Royal Society.

The barometer derived from Torricelli's invention was known as the "cistern" barometer, the open cistern of mercury at the base supporting a column of the same metal in a sealed tube. A number of variations were tried, such as the diagonal or "signpost" barometer, the horizontal and, lastly, the most successful and commonly used, the syphon, which is the kind we have today.

All that remained as the barometer grew into common use and "in most Houses of Figure and Distinction being hung up as an Ornamental Branch of Furniture" was to encase it in an elegant frame. And extremely beautiful and ornamental many of them were.

In 1695, Daniel Quare, the well-known clockmaker, obtained a patent for his now famous Portable Weather Glass which, he claimed, "may be carried to any place, though turned upside down without spilling one drop of the Quick Silver, or letting any air into the tube." Quare's Portable Weather Glasses were all inscribed "Invented and made by Danl Quare." The few that still exist are now found mostly in collections, though one does occasionally come on the market and commands a very high price. The one shown here is in the possession of E. T. Biggs & Sons, Ltd., of Maidenhead. It is a particularly fine example, with an ebony and ivory stem, made about 1690, and standing on four folding metal feet, beautifully chased and gilt, to a height of 3 feet 2 inches. When hanging on a wall, the feet fold up against the cistern.

At the top is the dial, and the two finials, when turned, operate pointers that enable the owner to record the rise and fall of pressure over any chosen period. The silvered face is finely engraved in French. Truly, a notable piece for the discerning collector.



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Helena Rubinstein

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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

30's thinking

WHEN you reach 30 it's time to think again about skin, hair, the way your looks add up. Because suddenly the skin that always behaved perfectly, the hair that faithfully followed the brush, may start responding to the attacking advance of years. To help you fool time are the battery of conditioners, moisturizers, astringents and endless

others. But fooling time is an endlessly exacting job, so for those who've never bothered about fixing a permanent beauty routine, now isn't a moment too soon to make good the deficit.

Skin that's expected to look good near central heating needs constant pampering with skin food, because that harmless-looking radiator isn't fussy about

where it finds moisture. An out-of-doors life is good for skin, but watch out for harsh winter winds that roughen and dry. A greasy skin in the twenties doesn't necessarily always stay that way. Constant use of astringent might result in a dry skin which will line if you don't notice and do something about it. So skin should

be looked at minutely each day in a magnifying mirror, and the first sign of dryness counteracted.

There's a good deal of nonsense talked about soap and water, unless skin is extra-sensitive. A greasy skin will be stimulated, deep cleansed, with a brush and lather. It's the brush action that stimulates, the lather that cleanses deeply. Rose Laird make a bottled *Liquid Lather* which costs 5s.

What follows are the components for an experimental face-lift. Give your eyes and mouth a permanent lift with a new colour conception in lipsticks—Cyclax *Wild Violets* and their equally inviting *Silver Violet* eyeshadow. Yardley have made a rouge to tone with this kind of lipstick; called *Pink Lilac* it pairs with all the blue pinks. Also in the offing are *Rose* and *Coral Pink*, *Deep Blush* and *Blush Tone*. All can give a new feeling to facial contours, as can Max Factor's subtle *Amber Coral* rouge which shapes and gives a soft radiance on cold days.

Basic care starts with smooth legs and if you haven't tried the magic, quicksilver efficiency of Remington's *Princess* shaver, a lifetime of leg care is available at the turn of a switch. Dorothy Gray have just produced an answer to this problem too with *Better Off*, a fragrant cream.

Fun for parties and any other time of day too is Hardy Amies new distillation *Fun* which is good for the thirties with its sophisticated, sharp green flavour. *Amie* is the opposite—flowery and soft, faintly rosy. Both have matching talc and cologne and come in some of the smartest wrappings around. Scent prices vary from 8s. 6d. to 14 gns., talc costs 7s. 6d. (in a navy and white cylinder) and cologne 12s. 6d., in a tall, ridged-glass flask.

THIRTIES HAIRDO BY LEON SANDLER, KNIGHTSBRIDGE; THIRTIES GIRL BY TERENCE DONOVAN



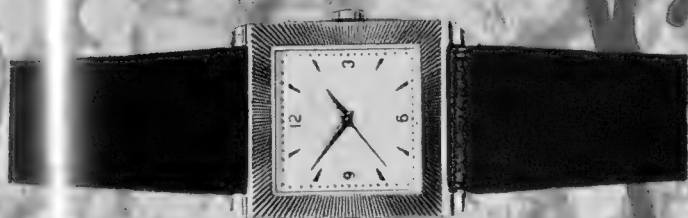
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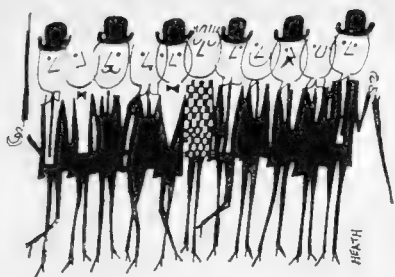
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MAN'S WORLD

Johnathon
Radcliffe



A VAN NEARLY KNOCKED ME DOWN the other day. The driver was wearing my old school tie and I presumed him to be an O.R. down on his luck. When I delicately queried this, however, it was quickly apparent that he thought O.R. meant "Other Ranks"—the tie was a present from his aunt. The incident reminded me how strong still is the school and club influence on tie design. Those bold horizontally striped ties, which made such a tremendous impact—aren't they really just an exaggeration of prep-school patterns? Anyway they have lost their exclusiveness and I don't think they will last much longer now. I can't say I'm sorry. They just do not seem to be an Englishman's tie to me.

But the stripes of schooldays (senior house) still predominate and the manufacturers don't seem to have much success in interesting men in either bold plain-colour ties or new designs. About the only permanent change is that people are asking for a longer tie these days, largely due to the decline of the waistcoat. The length is accentuated

by a trend to a narrower cut. But, while the effect is much neater when the tie is long enough to tuck into the belt instead of having to be constantly pushed back inside the jacket, I should loathe to see the bootlace width catch on here.

Colours: brown has lost its short-lived popularity. Green and maroon sell steadily, though they always seem so unexciting. Dark shades are in vogue at the moment, and have largely replaced the single-colour pastel ties.

A new material now being used for ties is Batik. In America shirts made of this material have a novel quality. When the shirt is washed the colours run and so ensure a different pattern every week. Why not the same for ties?

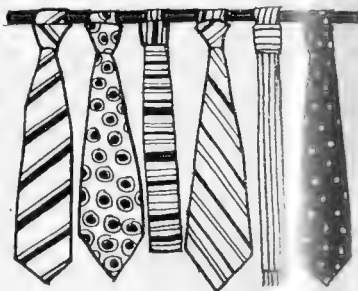
If you really want a different tie, try Cavana's in Kinnerton Street. They cut only three ties to a pattern, and line them with mohair to prevent creasing. Noël Coward is a customer and Bebe Daniels bought one while I was there. "English ties are gorgeous," she said. It certainly describes Cavana's creations.

By and large, though, I often

think that there's not much enterprise in the tie business. How often do you see matching tie, socks and handkerchief sold as a set? Hardly ever, yet they would be a surefire success as presents, certainly when women are out buying. The tie is a man's one everyday chance of a show of colour, and it seems a pity that the chance is so neglected. I attribute the popularity of the old school tie partly to laziness—it saves the wearer the bother of deciding on a tie for the day, and he just goes on wearing the same one. But worse still is this habit, exhibited by the van driver, of wearing club and old-school ties to which the owner is not entitled. Americans, encouraged by the Duke of Windsor, seem to be the worst offenders, but Continental *estaminets* and beer gardens can produce a startling number of Gallic and Teutonic Sherwood Foresters and Old Stoics. There is absolutely no legislation on the subject, but some schools have adopted new and more complicated patterns (harder to copy), and hopefully registered the designs. For the life of me I cannot see why the export of our accredited club ties cannot be stopped. After all, exiled Wykehamists can always write to Lewins of Jermyn Street. At their last stock-taking they found more than 4,000 different ties.

The variety shown in club ties is enormous, ranging from the almost Regency splendour of the Ceylon Mounted Rifles (light gold, claret

and rifle green) to the nauseating shades of the Garrick Club (salmon and cucumber in alternate broad stripes). The M.C.C., of late so particular about dress and decorum, certainly ensure that a member brave enough to wear their tie will be easily recognizable at the gates—which suggests that quiet good taste cannot be the basis of the appeal of a club tie. One of the most elegant ties belongs to the oldest running club in the country—The Thames



Hare and Hounds (silver, grey and black).

It will probably come as a shock to many well-established gentlemen in the City that, unless they are old Etonians, they are incorrectly dressed while wearing their old school tie. By tradition Eton alone is excepted from this rule, though Guards officers are expected to wear theirs. Many schools, Mill Hill for example, tackle this strange embargo by having two ties—one for country wear, and a more discreet version for town.

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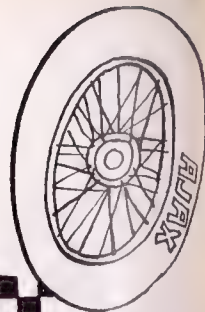


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MOTORING

Gordon

Wilkins



Records on a ghost track

ONLY OLD TIMERS IN MOTOR RACING now remember the name of Miramas, and not all of them could say where this old track really was. The records show that it was opened in 1924 and drivers of the calibre of Nuvolari, Villorosi, Varzi and Caracciolo drove there, but after few meetings it faded away and was not heard of again. In fact, it is one of the most farcical stories in the history of motor racing. It was a racing driver, Paul Bablot, who had the grandiose idea of setting up a great race track in the sun-baked scrubland of Provence.

But things went wrong from the start. Car manufacturers did not like the track and entries were slow in coming. The unbanked curves scrubbed tyres to pieces and the simple oval track was so dull for the drivers that artificial corners were introduced to make it more interesting. In 1926, the French G.P. for 1500 c.c. cars was run there, but made a heavy financial loss. It was won by Jules Goux in a Bugatti. In 1927 the Grand Prix of Provence meeting degenerated into complete farce. Just before the start some of the team managers decided that rain had made conditions too dangerous and wanted to withdraw.

No one bothered to tell the spectators, who grew more exasperated. Eventually some cars were wheeled out, while Benoist was out doing a warming-up lap in his Delage. Coming fast into the grandstand straight he saw the track blocked and tried desperately to stop, but the Delage went broadside and clouted Duray's Amilcar, putting both cars out of the race. Talbot then withdrew their team.

Hastily the starting signal was given, but when the crowd realized that the race had begun without the Talbots, the Delage or the Amilcar, they swarmed on to the track, the Talbot garage was stormed, and amid scenes of chaos, the meeting was abandoned.

Monsieur Bablot's folly has lain forgotten for a quarter of a century, but to judge from the enormous list of long-distance endurance records recently claimed by Simca, you'd think an Ariane had been circulating there in secret for years.

In fact it began when Simca were looking for somewhere to beat the fabulous endurance feats of the

famous Citroen called Rosalie which have stood on the books since 1932, and the runs up to 60,000 miles done by Simcas in 1953 and 1957. They wanted to demonstrate the endurance of the new five-bearing engine which was going into the 1961 Arondes and Arianes. No existing track could be hired for long enough, but out in the snake-infested desert near Arles they found M. Bablot's ghost track.

Sheep were grazing on the scrubland. Grass and shrub had broken up parts of the concrete surface, and the corrugated iron roof of the grandstand was rusting away, but the track was repairable. It was patched up to a state equivalent to an average French main road.

Week after week the run went on. It nearly came to an abrupt end during the first nine days when the mistral, blowing at 55 m.p.h., made it difficult to hold the car on course. However, after 80 days the Ariane had covered a distance equal to five times round the world; 124,300 miles at an average of 65.1 m.p.h. and, subject to confirmation, it set up 57 world records.

What is this new engine? It is the same size 1,290 c.c. as the old engine which powered the Aronde and Ariane, because an increase to 1½-litre would have raised the annual tax for the French motorist and put anything from £5 to £14 on his insurance premium. With a new crankshaft running in five bearings instead of three, bearing area has been increased 30 per cent, to make a much more robust engine.

Big end bearings are now copper-lead-indium, which makes them more robust too, and there is a new fan pulley with built-in centrifugal oil filter which makes it possible to put up intervals between oil changes from 1,500 to 2,500 miles. There is also a new reinforced cylinder head, giving a higher compression ratio. Power of the unit as fitted in the normal Aronde saloon goes up to 51 b.h.p. SAE on a 7.5 to 1 compression ratio, but the 8.5 to 1 compression engine, now used in other models, gives 61 b.h.p. SAE at 5,200 r.p.m.

Other changes are relatively minor. There are new, scientifically contoured seats and backrests. Exterior bright metal for Arondes is simplified and is now stainless steel, and there is a new instrument panel.

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DINING IN

Helen Burke

The sauce for the fish

LAST WEEK I DEALT WITH A BASIC Mayonnaise and two of the sauces derived from it—Green and Tartare (or Remoulade).

Gribiche sauce is near enough Tartare, with the addition of the sieved yolk of hard-boiled egg and the white cut in strips. Serve with cold fish and lesser shellfish.

Cocktail sauce, as we have come to know it, is a little between Sauce au roquefort and what we used to call "Russian sauce," and when smooth and bland is ideal for a fish cocktail. Start with a very thick mayonnaise. Into one made with an egg yolk and $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of olive oil beat a dessertspoon or so of tomato ketchup, then add double cream to taste.

There are other additions you may like to try. A few drops of Worcestershire sauce, for instance, or a pinch or two of horseradish. (The new Heinz extremely fine dried horseradish could be just right, though I have not yet tried it in a sauce.) Some people like to add a teaspoon of sherry or cognac. Then there is an almost secret ingredient—a pinch of curry-powder so little of it that no one will be able to detect its particular flavour.

For the fish cocktails themselves: Have glasses something between Burgundy and claret size. One-third fill each with crisp, hearty lettuce, cut in short slender strips. Top each with 8 to 10 shelled prawns or an equal number of shelled shrimps or Dublin Bay prawns or scampi, or lobster or langoustine cut in suitable pieces. Well cover with the sauce and top the centre of each glass with the finest pinch of chopped parsley.

An excellent sauce for a mixed fruit, nut and vegetable salad such as Waldorf is made of plain mayonnaise with the addition of half its bulk in stiffly whipped cream.

Sauce Andalouse is another wonderfully well flavoured one, delicious with a salad of flaked cooked fish, sliced blanched chicory and tomatoes and chopped chives and parsley. Add to plain mayonnaise a quarter of its bulk in thick fresh tomato purée, into which a pinch of sugar has been blended, and three or more tablespoons of chopped fresh or canned red sweet peppers.

For those who like a lot of garlic, there is an Aioli sauce to be served

with cold fish (particularly boiled salt cod), cold boiled meat and vegetables. In his recipe, Escoffier, who also calls it "Provence Butter," gives 1 oz. garlic for 1 egg yolk and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint olive oil. He pounds the garlic in a mortar with a pestle. I prefer to use the juice squeezed in a garlic press, and I use not more than two good-sized cloves.

This reminds me that, even now, folk are a little confused about that word "clove," although it is pretty well in general use. I suppose that "corm" or "segment" would be a better term.

Incidentally, economical housewives, seeking to stretch the expensive oil, could add a whipped egg white to mayonnaise made with 2 egg yolks and up to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint olive oil.

If Mayonnaise is the king of the cold sauces, Hollandaise is certainly the queen of the cool ones. That is one thing to remember about Hollandaise. Neither it nor Bearnaise is a hot sauce. It should never be allowed to become so warm that the butter and egg yolks separate, as they would do if too hot.

Melt 6 oz. butter in a jug standing in hot water. In a small saucepan, simmer together $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoon wine vinegar, $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoon water, a pinch of salt and a crushed white peppercorn. Leave to evaporate to about $\frac{3}{4}$ the amount, then remove and stand in a pan of hot water. Add a teaspoon of cold water and 2 beaten egg yolks, or 3 if the sauce is to be slightly thick. Whisk over just under-boiling water until the mixture becomes thick and creamy. At this stage, I add a tablespoon of cold water to the pan in which the smaller one rests.

Pour in the liquid but not hot butter in a steady stream, whisking all the time. The butter will become absorbed by the eggs and will thicken the sauce. Add a drop or two of lemon juice and pass the sauce through a fine nylon sieve.

Serve it with asparagus, broccoli, salmon and sole.

For Sauce Maltaise, which Escoffier says is the finest of all with asparagus, add a little juice and a pinch of the grated rind of a blood orange.

For Sauce Mousseline, delicious with artichokes, add 2 to 3 tablespoons of stiffly beaten cream just before sending it to table. It then becomes almost a cold sauce.



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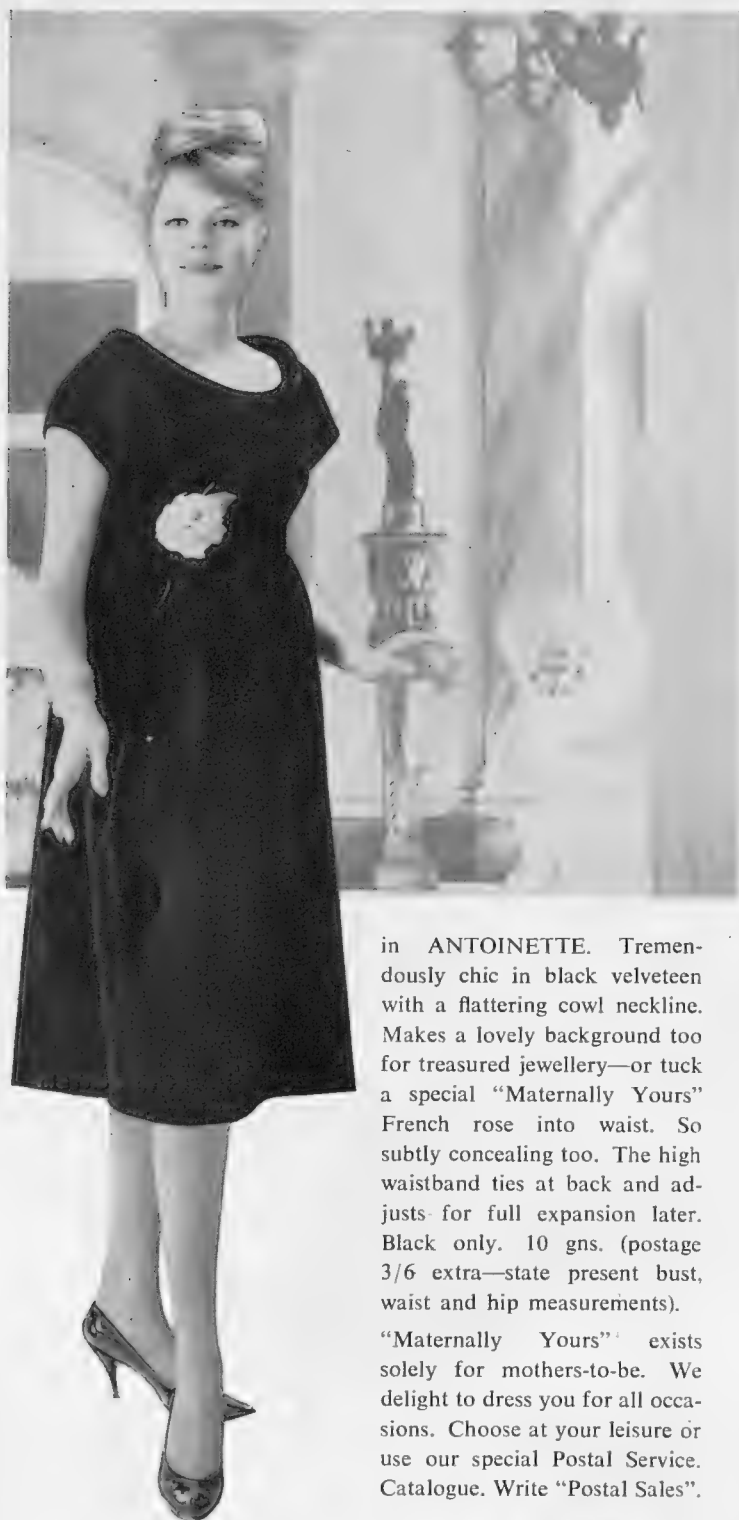
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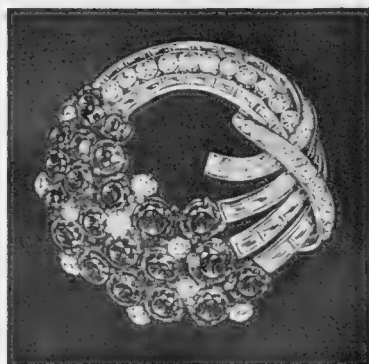
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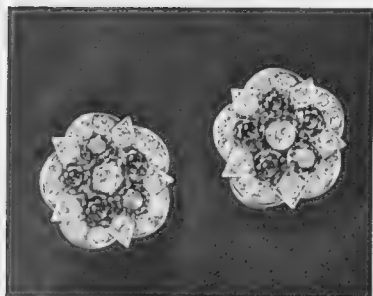


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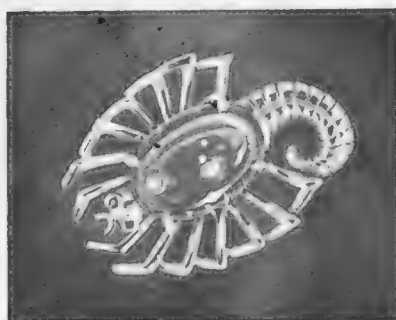
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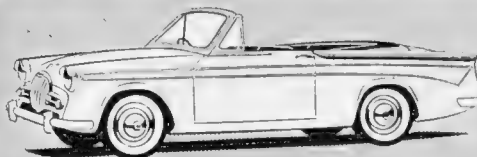
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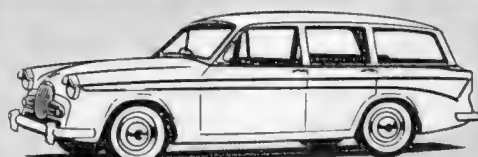


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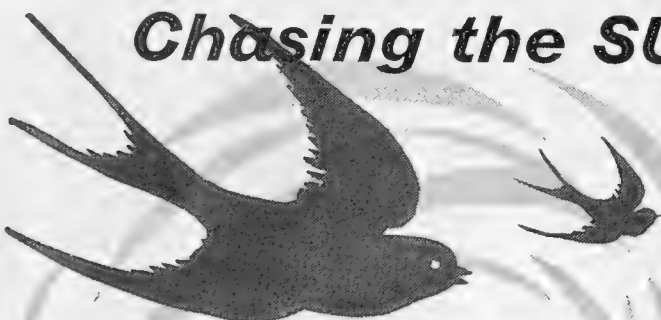
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(Continued from previous page)

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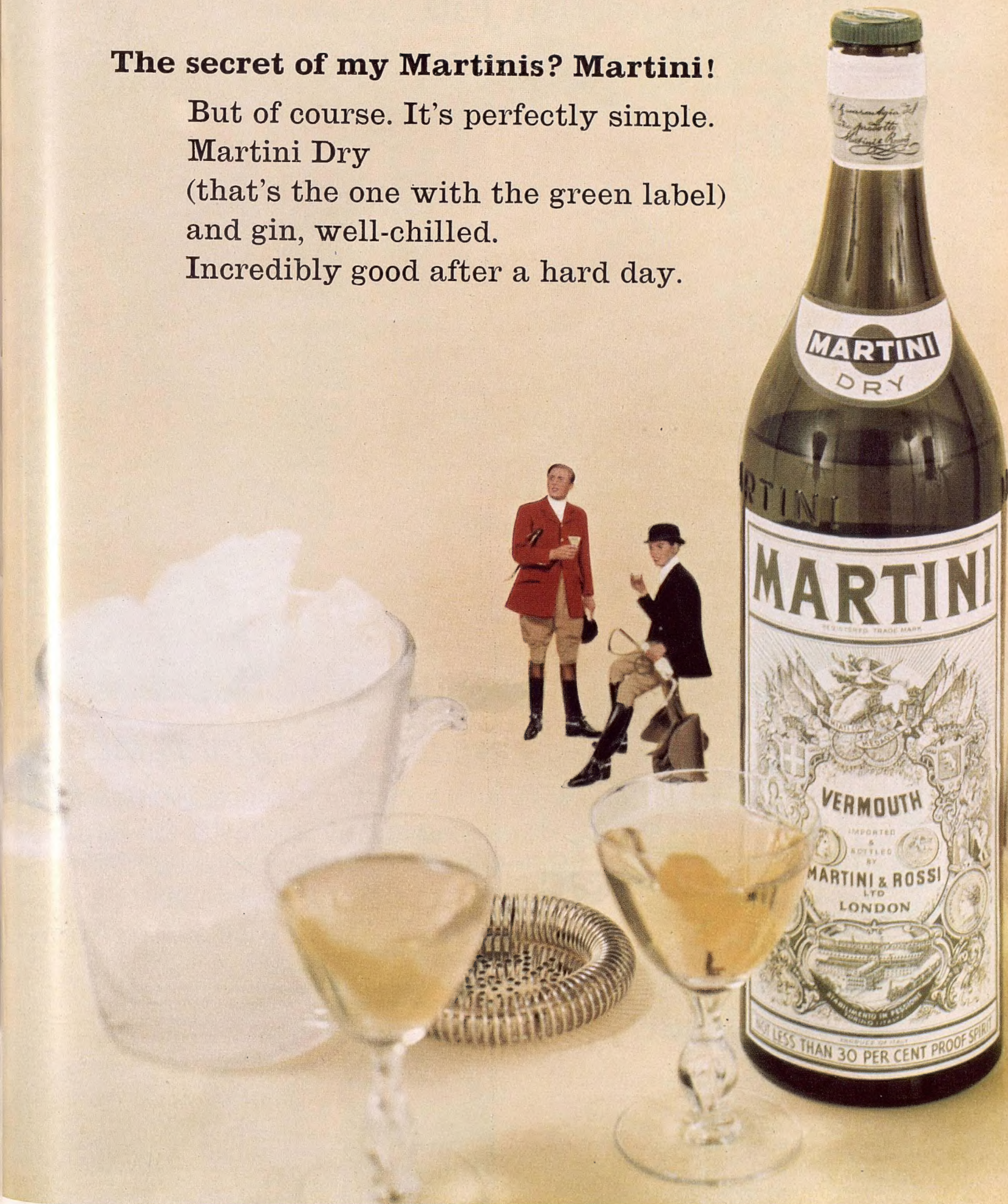
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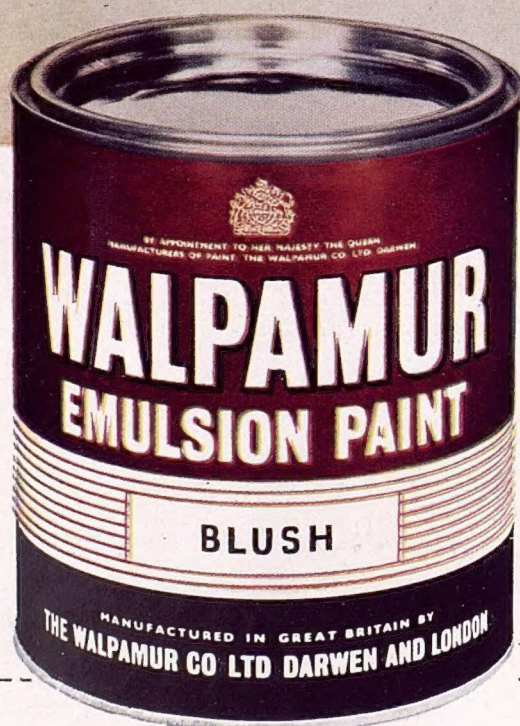
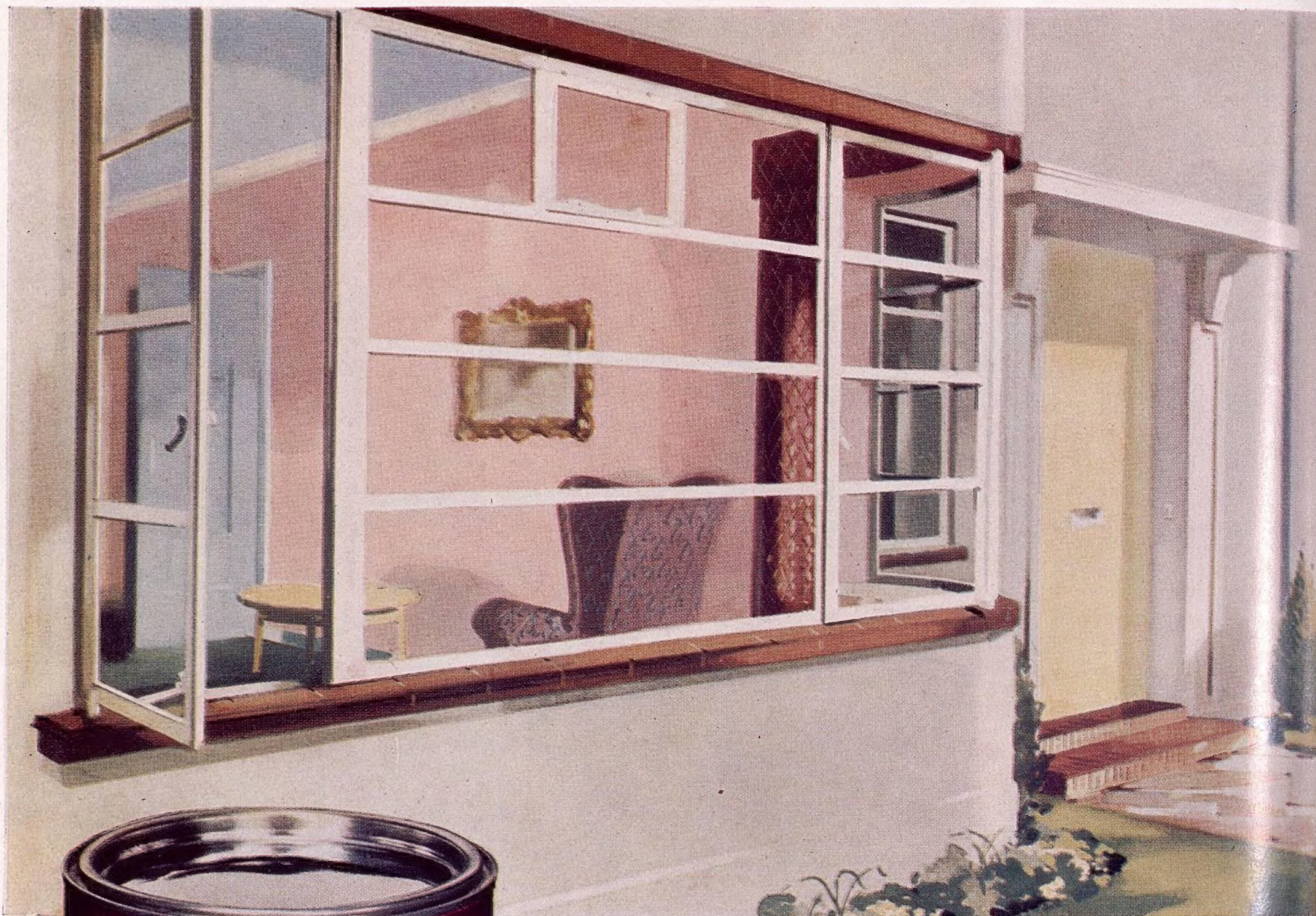
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(Continued from previous page)

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xii THE TATLER & Bystander 21 September 1960

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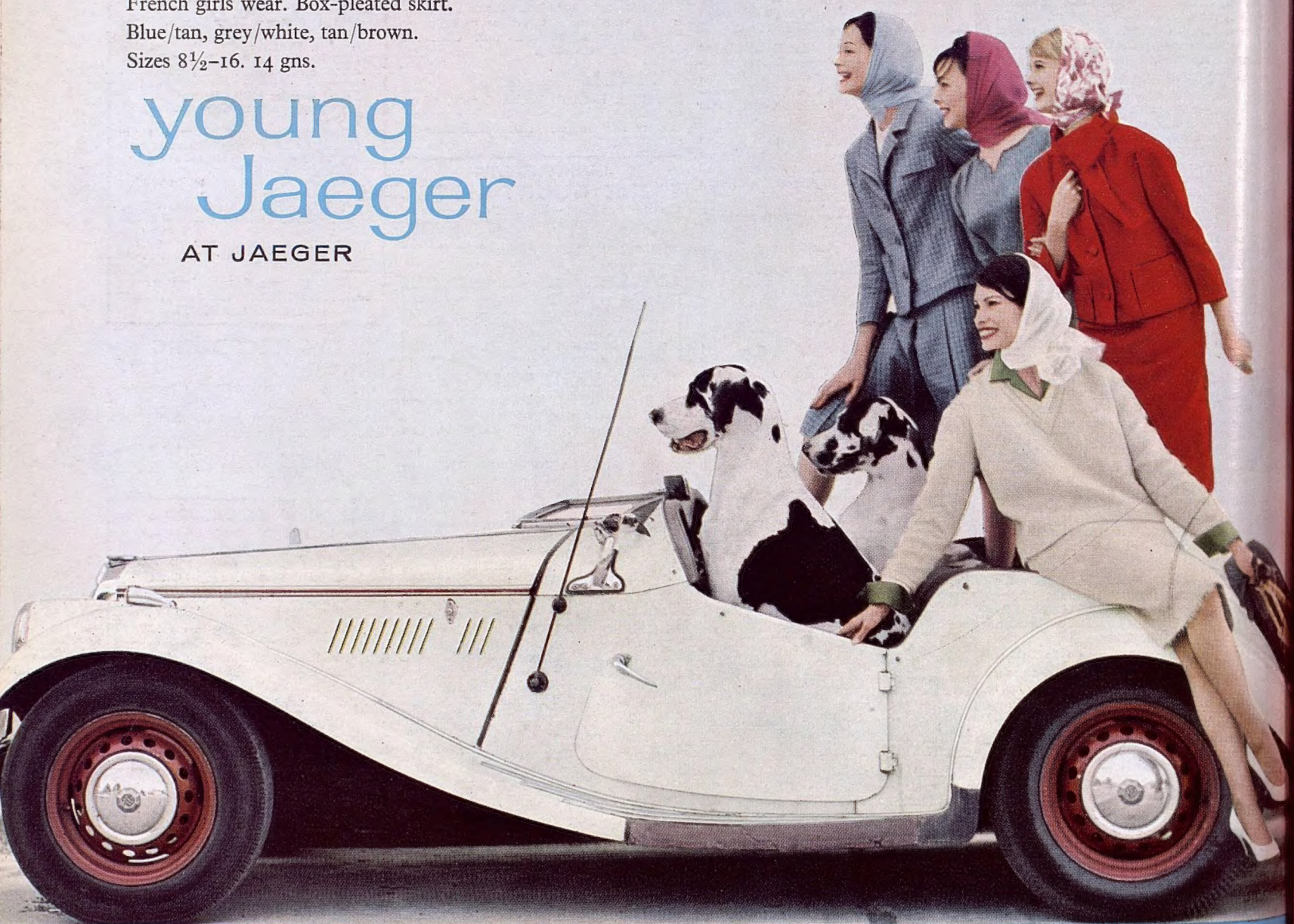
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